



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The people of Canada have had cause enough, goodness only knows, to criticize the management of the Grand Trunk Railway, but after reading the reports of some of the Board meetings held in London one feels like pitying rather than blaming the officials in this country who are unable to keep pace with the times. In the old days the Grand Trunk was well treated by the Government and practically had a monopoly of the business, its motto was: "Anything is good enough for Canada." Its chief aim was to make the people pay for the mistakes of construction and the incapacity of the management. It was in no hurry to do anything and treated its customers and the traveling public as if it were the master and they were the servants. Through the long years—and the shareholders have found them very long as they waited for profits—Canadians began to detect the whole spirit of the Grand Trunk Railway Company. Any tow-sterling road that could be induced to compete with the old line was freely bonused and liberally patronized. It was this spirit which called into life much of the competition which the Grand Trunk has suffered, and to-day the shareholders who are making the loudest complaints can thank themselves and their niggardly policy for the existence of nearly all of the numerous lines which form the network feeding the main line of the Canadian Pacific. Old Country notions and that particularly offensive, autocratic spirit which characterizes the Englishman at home when he is lending money or building railroads in a colony, have made the Grand Trunk a very unpopular institution. While no doubt many of the officials in Canada have become so permeated with the spirit of the London directors that they have failed to make the kindness of their individualities felt, yet in justice to the many bright men who have been, and are, high in Grand Trunk positions here, we should remember how seriously handicapped they have been by the directors at home. Then, too, when we remember that many of these directors know even less about railroads than they do about Canada, when we see cotton-spinners and tradesmen who have no world outside of their counting-house dictating a policy to railway managers and brow-beating the only men who know anything about this country, we would be hard-hearted indeed if we did not sympathize with the much badgered and fettered official who has to carry into operation the fool notions that these London people insist upon. There can be no comparison between the ability of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific officials until we know what ratio of power the officials of the former possess. The most brilliant man in the world would be made a fool of if his hands and feet were tied by noisy shareholders and an incompetent directorate.

The simple suggestion of repudiating the Esplanade contract made with Toronto and the Canadian Pacific is an illustration in point. If General Manager Sargeant is to feel that his contracts are to be voided and he made a laughing-stock of, what hope is there for him to distinguish himself by those rapid moves and bold campaigns which distinguish the successful railway from the one-horse line! How could he popularize or strengthen himself, how could he popularize or strengthen the railway while he is aware that some jackass will get up and kick in the general meeting! He is frightened to do anything until he consults with everybody else alive who has, or thinks he has, an interest in the road. By the time this consultation is over the opportunity is past, the road has become unpopular because of its dilatoriness, or even if he thinks the move will be endorsed he is in danger of having it repudiated. Now if the Grand Trunk had repudiated the Esplanade agreement they would have been practically boycotted by this city, and little as Toronto loves the Grand Trunk now and anxious as it is to give its business to the Canadian Pacific, the feeling then would have been intensified a thousandfold. What do these kicking directors know about the long and irritating ferment that the Esplanade difficulty has caused in Toronto? Nothing whatever. What do they know about the result of repudiating the contract? Nothing. All they could do, and what they would be sure to do, would be to complain of the falling off in freight and passenger traffic if Toronto, resenting this final insult, were to become as angry as it should were the Esplanade contract to be repudiated. The kickers then would not know whom to blame. They would visit their wrath probably on the Board of Management, or the General Manager in Canada, on the Passenger and Traffic Agents in Toronto—men who are as utterly helpless and blameless in the matter as any private citizen. Surely all this sort of thing is enough to make us have sympathy with the officials in Montreal and the officials here, particularly when the kickers clamor for a Canadian management while in the very act of repudiating those things which the Canadian managers see fit to do. Surely the road of a Canadian official of the Grand Trunk is a rocky one; and as for me, my criticism of him shall hereafter be tempered by the knowledge of the difficulties he has to contend with and the realization of the limited powers he possesses.

Talking about management, I am glad to see that President Armstrong of the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association has had the courage to say something about the management of this country and the management of the party

which dominates it. I am a Conservative myself because I believe the Conservative party has shown more brains and patriotism than the so-called Liberal party has ever shown. The Conservatives have even made some show of possessing a statesman, yet I am not prepared to admit that they have been supremely successful. No one who is a Conservative is called upon to affirm any such thing; it is enough reason for adhering to that party that it has had broader ideas, more far-sighted plans and warmer and more generous impulses than were, and are, characteristic of the Reformers. The fact also remains that there has been too little criticism of the Government from within the Conservative party. So true has this been that the leaders at Ottawa now imagine themselves to be the party, and not merely the accidents of party promotion.

Hard times, either present or prospective, are apt to create critics who ordinarily are content to follow their leader and share in a dim and distant way in his success, while always willing to become apologetic for his mistakes and denunciatory of those who oppose him. How much the general feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction may have had to do with President Armstrong's remarks is immaterial; Toronto has not been well treated. Whenever we have wanted anything we have sat like vassals in the outer chamber of our masters, the administration, cooling our heels and

the people and the prosperity which we lack. I imagine the days of penny ante politics at Ottawa are numbered. The constituencies which can be purchased have been so corrupted that very shortly they will find no purchaser. The clamor for unnecessary public works and stolen subsidies should be nearly at an end. The political blackmail levied by racial and religious communities and the domination of cliques, secret societies and privileged classes are becoming irksome even to the dull conscience and the weight of taxation burdensome even to the patient backs of partisans. What we need in Canada is larger politics, and, by the way, we would not be injured by a larger variety of leaders.

A gentleman called in to congratulate me on what he was disposed to call the sensible advice given last week to the holders of imaginary equities. Similar congratulations I have heard from the most unexpected quarters. All the banks and many of the loan societies concur in the opinion that the sooner the crisis is over the better. One man called in to say that there was a big crop of equities dropped out six months after the bloom began to go off the eye and the boom began to secrete itself amidst the thistle stalks on the cow pastures. He noticed another big batch drop out after twelve months, but he struggled with his burden for eighteen months. He has been depriving himself and

present Court House is just as good as those in New York or London, England; ventilate it a little and keep out the loafers and it is all right. The police court is now as good as any in America and the police force is being reduced. The City Hall has as large rooms and as much accommodation as the city will need for twenty years. The council chamber itself is one of the finest on this continent, no matter what people may say. The staff in the City Hall could be reduced by a half. Take, for instance, the Engineer's department. When we were putting down water mains and laying sewers and building fire halls on wild-cat streets there was a necessity for the enormous staff now being kept. Two-thirds of the members of that staff might be discharged if all public improvements were stopped. Take the City Solicitor's department; it is three times too big if we stop the funny business which has brought us to a taxation which is simply ruinous. Well, if the other departments can be cut down in a corresponding proportion the old City Hall is as big again as will be needed till we can afford to finish the Court House. It won't injure the foundations to be left alone; it will simply insure the permanency and perfection of the building. The Cologne Cathedral took over five hundred years to build and is the most perfect piece of architecture to-day; in fact, no great building should be put up without giving the foundations time to settle and set. Let

instead a man who was notoriously one of the boomsters, even the reforms and retrenchments that he instituted were suspected, and when he began to block the city's progress by silly resistance of those things which had to come, people simply put their hands in their pockets and watched with amazement and despair the whole performance. Now that we have been committed to the system of chopping off trifling expenses, let us follow it up; stop everything in which public money is to be spent; dismiss all unnecessary officials; cut down salaries from the Mayor down—or from the Mayor up would probably be a more proper suggestion if mental standards are to be set up. Let the people who want a high level bridge over the Don build it. Stop this fool talk about equalizing the taxation between the East and West by widening the Queen street subway at a cost of another \$300,000. We have two subways up there now where one used to be sufficient, and, bless us, traffic has not grown enough to block either one of them. Let us build nothing; keep what we have in decent repair; show to the world that we are conscious that we have in our closet the skeleton of a busted boom and that we are taking ordinary business methods to make it possible for a man to hold real estate in Toronto and carry it over the three or four years that it will be necessary to hold it before legitimate investments even return to anything like their proper value.

For heaven's sake, let one thing be understood, that when we choose a policy let us follow it. This is no time for making shifts or silly manoeuvres to avoid what is as evidently in sight as the lamp post on the corner. The men who are now insisting that the city should keep on spending money are not the men who are paying the taxes. Business men's movements and all that sort of thing have been ridiculed. Now there must be business methods followed and they may perhaps meet with all the bitterness in work creating and speculative circles that business methods have always met. This does not change the fact that either these methods or the rubbish that is talked to keep the slaves of a mistaken venture in a fool's paradise must be prevalent for a little longer and result in a still greater disaster in the future.

I do not urge these things recklessly, for I well know that SATURDAY NIGHT must have the approbation and confidence of the people or its success cannot be continuous. My own little investments are all involved, as are the business chances and investments of everybody else. I am urging what I believe to be the sensible course and I look to sensible people for their approbation and support. Do not run away with the idea that what may be called a crisis would injure the business of Toronto; it would help it. It cannot but clear the air, increase credits and preserve us from a long period of suspicion, suspense and final collapse. There is not a business man in Toronto who is suspected of having any real estate except that upon which he lives, who does not find his credit damaged in the banks and everywhere else by that fact. Legitimate business is being hampered for capital because banks are afraid that the money they advance to promote manufacture or commerce may be diverted into payments on absurd equities or to keep up fanciful margins, and in this way every legitimate enterprise in Toronto is being kept back. It is in order to better the condition of the manufacturer, the merchant, the business men of every sort that I urge the extinction of fictitious prices and inflated if not fraudulent values of all suburban property, for it is in suburban property alone that any such imaginary values exist. The men who are paying taxes and interest on these preposterous speculations are the victims, and are fools to try to do it unless they expect to have for at least ten years. Let them take their medicine now; let the whole thing even itself up as quickly as possible, and then we shall have peace and confidence and legitimate business will be able to expand and the banks instead of hoarding their money will be glad to advance it to every legitimate trader.

Before writing anything further about this I asked the advice of a real estate man who is thoroughly well posted in the methods of financiers. His question was: "Who will get hit?" We sat and tried to figure it up, and it was really hard to tell. We decided nobody would be any poorer, only that some men who imagine they are rich, or at least have some riches, would discover that they are poor; that a few loan societies may have to size themselves up anew that the man earning a thousand dollars a year and putting two hundred dollars of it, every twelve months, into an effort to save an investment which at best was nothing but a wild-cat speculation, will quit doing it, and that two hundred dollars will go somewhere else, generally to promote business in the shops and stores and the payment of other debts than interest and taxes; that the man who has two thousand dollars a year and is probably throwing four hundred of it after bad money that is already gone will relieve the general depression by spending another four hundred or by buying in safe and habitable localities some decently built houses which he hopes to make his own; that the man who is making four or five thousand dollars a year will perhaps be enabled by the renewed confidence of his bankers to extend his operations in a legitimate way; that the man who is making ten thousand will perhaps have two thousand dollars a year more to help start enterprises which will fill up



"In Autumn Woods With Winter Near."

twirling our hats, waiting to be dismissed with a snub or a promise, both equally valueless as a lesson or a reward. When the head of a Conservative organization numbering some four thousand members speaks thus plainly, the administration have reason to consider whether Toronto is as tightly tied to their apron string and as humbly submissive to the rod as it used to be. I may be permitted also to call to their attention the fact that we have a Grit mayor and are only possessed of one member of the Legislature. The remark made by one of the old-time Conservative leaders in ward politics was, "I hate to see the Grand Lodge run by byes." How he must mourn to see the "byes" of the Young Conservatives intruding their opinions and daring to stand up in meeting and talk back to the bosses. Verily, times do be changing, and in respect to independence of thought and utterance within the Conservative party they are changing for the better.

On the other hand, it is pleasant to contemplate the *Globe* eulogizing the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, advocating the transfer of the Intercolonial to President Van Horne, stipulating only for security as to its rates and running powers over the rails for the Grand Trunk. The *Globe* is also satisfied that the Canadian Pacific should be entrusted with a subsidy of a half a million dollars a year to aid in the establishment of a fast Atlantic steamship line. The *Globe* is being ably managed these days; it recognizes the fact that something has to be done to bring us business and population and popularity. It is no longer clamoring for the saving of crusts and match ends, and combings and scrapings; it believes in a generous and progressive policy and is rightfully enough convinced that our opportunities for a cosmopolitan business cannot be achieved by a mere declaration of free trade, but by the establishment of general trade. A very free expression of opinion as to the advisability of the C. P. R. being afforded every assistance in establishing such a line having been already made in these columns, it is not necessary to go into details. I hope the *Globe* will see fit to advocate the canal policy which would bring ocean ships to Toronto and permit them to reach the docks of Fort William and Port Arthur. Let us look for trade, for business, and with these will come

his family of a large share of his earnings that he might last until the two-year crop faded away. I think he felt somewhat resentful that the advice had not been given sooner, for he feels that he has undergone two years of privation for the benefit of those holding the mortgages. At any rate, he said he had resolved to quit. I talked with a real estate man and he admitted in confidence that there was nothing else for the holders of these imaginary equities to do but to abandon the property. He says, "Of course it ruins our business for a while, but the sooner we know where we stand the better."

Reverting to the conversation I had with the wealthy gentleman who so highly approved of what I had written, he said, "You are not old enough to have been through the trouble of '57. Following that period of inflation I had charge of the largest estate in Toronto. After the panic in real estate things got worse and worse every year, until in '66 a bankruptcy law was passed which enabled men to get the mill stone from about their necks. Then lots which had been sold for from four to twelve hundred dollars apiece were disposed of according to legal process at from fifteen to fifty dollars apiece. Market gardeners and cottagers got hold of them and at once things began to get better. If we keep on as we are doing at present it will take another five years to bring suburban real estate back to its normal value, which is but little more than that of farm land. Even then it cannot be carried unless the city passes a by-law taxing it as paddocks, lawns or market gardens. Unless things are cleared up it would pay me to give my property away, for it costs more to carry it than it is worth, though I don't owe a cent on a foot of it."

"Now," said he, "I have a scheme for the retrenchment of expenses which may seem on the face of it to be the very thing we ought not to do, inasmuch as it might be likely to shake public confidence. Take the Court House. By the time it is finished and furnished it will cost two millions of dollars. We have got it out of the hands of the contractors, and after all these years the foundations are only two or three feet above the ground. Roof them over, and let them stay that way until our finances are in a condition to proceed. Our

every public improvement be stopped; simply pursue a policy of the most frugal repairs; refuse to put down a new sewer or water main. There are thousands of vacant houses that have plenty of accommodation, and while these are empty it is a suicidal policy to build others or to tax the public for giving them sewers and water mains. The fire halls are too numerous and too expensive. Let us make an effort to congregate our population within limits such as shall not tax our resources to give them fire and police protection. The outskirts must belet take care of themselves or we shall have a period of disaster such as is now reigning in Australia, where real estate has fallen from boom prices to almost nothing, where artisans by the thousands loiter in public squares and breed socialism and all sorts of revolt against the hard times.

"You say this might make people believe that Toronto has gone to nothing," he continued. "I don't think so. I know of a gentleman in this city who has hundreds of thousands of dollars locked up in a bank which he dare not invest. I have a few thousands of my own that I won't put into anything until all this rubbish about sustaining our inflated condition with more public works, more taxes, is done away with. If English capitalists, and Canadian capitalists, and American capitalists were to see that we had begun a proper system of reform and economy; if the boomsters were all swept out and the city was evidently taking the bull by the horn and retrenching expenses, those things are what would restore public confidence. It would only take a few years to fix things up, but if we keep on as the *Empire* suggests is advisable, projecting new public works and hiring artisans to live in speculative houses at the cost of the responsible taxpayer, why, everyone will have to move out and the collapse when it comes will be most disastrous."

There is sense in what this gentleman urges. There was a time when this difficulty could have been tidied over by a restoration of public confidence such as would have come with the election of a mayor like Mr. Osier, whose financial ability would have set things straight and would have given the people to understand that things were being managed in a businesslike way. But when the people chose

TWICE LOST:

A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE KNOCKER AT THE DOOR.

Jeaters leant irresolute, paralyzed, against the wall. St. Vincent place was a cul de sac, save for foot passengers, through pillars to the Terrace. The hotel was the only building in the place. Opposite the hotel was a railway station. No vehicle could have any business down there, except it came to the hotel. The wheels were not those of a cab. They sounded heavier and clatter than those of a cab. If there was a cab bringing a would-be guest in the belief the hotel was open to visitors, the driver and his fare would be informed of the condition of the house by the closed door, the lowered blinds, and the look of emptiness. No one would call for entrance unless a person who knew someone was there, or ought to be there; and the heavy wheels forced on him the conclusion that the van or cart had something heavy which was to be delivered.

What bulky or weighty object could be for delivery at the St. Vincent Hotel, Verdon, he thought, who remained of an unfortunate former tenant, of the woman who, less than a week ago, crossed this threshold alive!

He would rather have the pinioning rope of the hangman tightening on his elbow than set wide this door and meet the voice once more. Once more the noisy summons beat upon the panels.

On tiptoe he stole to the head of the staircase leading from the hall to the little dock below. He opened the door with the stealthy care of a burglar, slipped through the doorway, put the key in the other side of the door, turned the key and stole down the staircase to the platform surrounding the tiny dock.

"Even if they get in they are not likely to look for me here," he whispered, as he sat down on a seat that ran the whole length of the dock against the wall. He took up his place close to the foot of the stairs, so that if anyone attempted to force open the door at the top he might hear and be warned in time. If anyone did come he should dash out of the dock and up the stairs into St. Vincent place, and thence along the terrace. But, of course, he would rather that flight were not necessary, that no one gained entrance to the hall above, or tried to come down those stairs. At all events, if anyone did try to find him there, that searcher would find no one; for on the first sound indicating that an entrance had been gained, and that a descent was contemplated, he should fly.

Opposite to him was the terrible shoot cased in from view. Before him lay the little harbor. Although the sun had gone down, the place was dim and dark. The tide was rising still, almost full. Steamers and sailing vessels were going up on the flood. He could hear the voices of men calling to one another at their work, the burr and rattle of machinery, the sailors shouting, the throb of the propellers of the steamers, and the quick, feverish beat of the paddle before the steamers themselves came into view.

He was in a cave and for the first few minutes he derived satisfaction from the certainty that here, where the world had gone down, the thing which might now be lying under a cloth in that van outside the door, could not follow him. If they brought anything in he should not see it—should not see it now, anyway, for he did not mean to go through that hall in the darkening shadows after that unaccountable summons at the main door.

What a horrible thing to suppose, that even now, the thing they had brought from the river in a van, with a cloth over it, was lying cold and stark like the young woman he had told Polle of, on the marble floor of the great silent empty hall!

Suppose he was such a fool as to go to that hall in the dim twilight, and were to see the burden the men had borne from the cart lying on the floor in front of the hearth where he had just burned his bridal clothes, and suppose that as he tried to steal softly, softly, past it on the other side—suppose it moved! Suppose it moved! Suppose an arm was raised and he heard the voice saying, "Save me Frank!" Suppose he saw the arm rise and the cloth move, and heard, her head, as she died on the night she died, "Save me, Frank!" What should he do? What should he do?

Oh, but nothing of the kind could happen. For many reasons nothing of the kind could happen. For one reason, there was the fact that he would not go through that hall. That one reason was quite enough. It made any others unnecessary.

By a powerful effort he stopped his mind running on the hall above, and looked around him for distraction. The distraction came in a worse form almost than what he sought to shun. All at once he recollected the night he had left Polle above and came down here and argued the case over with himself, on the assumption that it concerned another man. And now, all that he then imagined for another man in his own case!

In effect, Polle had come down those stairs, and had not gone up them again. The trap had been left open by him, and she had fallen into it and found death below.

He put his hands before his face, and bending his body forward, rested his elbows on his knees. His intention was to remain thus until it was dusk, to walk round the little dock, ascend the steps to the end of St. Vincent place and escape along the terrace.

In a kind of a self-compelled stupor he sat thus he knew not how long. Such an arousing as he had he never counted on. It came without a sound of preparation or warning.

"Are you all dead here?" said a voice which seemed to come from the floor of the great hall above.

With a shudder and a yell Jeaters sprang to his feet, and found himself face to face with an unknown man of great stature.

"Ah, you're lively enough now and no mistake. Rum place this. Thought you was all dead and you're only half dead."

"What do you mean by only half of us being dead?" said Jeaters, stretching forth his hand against the wall for support. His knees were trembling under him, and his brow and hands had suddenly become clammy.

"En?" said the man, looking at him fixedly. "I was asleep, and Jeaters, recovering himself slowly, and when you spoke I woke out of an awful dream."

"So 'twould seem by the looks of you. Well, governor, I've done you a good turn to wake you out of that dream."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Jeaters, now more collected. "But who are you? What brings you here?"

"Surely it is a rum place and no mistake. Handy place this for doing anything you didn't want blown on, eh? Nice place to settle a row in if you were the heavy weight. There's the nice wet water, cool and comfortable, for a fellow you don't like, to drink his fill of till he grew fat as a drowned pup. Anyway, if either of the present company is thinking of murder it's not me. You look like enough, though, or as well as I can make you out in the dark you are more like a dug-up corpse. Someone, maybe, who is in trouble? Drifted in from sea, eh?"

"What brings you here, I say?" "You do. Oh, you say that's plain enough. You'd get a prize in a speaking-parrot competition. Well, now, I think you now, the police would be interested, very much interested, to hear about you being here. They might think

you were here for no good. You may as well walk with me to the police-station. The copper would take a powerful interest in that lovely dream you were having here. Maybe they'd write it in a book and give you a good conduct mark for it. Anyway, out with your name and address and see if I can't call on you when you are in your other country residence. Now don't make the address any grander than Buckingham Palace. If you tell me it's any better than Buckingham Palace you might arouse suspicions in my mind, and it would not otherwise occur to me that something they are now looking for on a barge or a wharf may be safe in your keeping here, and that you may be just waiting until it's a trifle darker before you walk home with it and ask your eldest son to bring it back to the rightful owner. Come, sonny, I am not going to lose any more time with you. If you're going to give an account of yourself draw your wind and start off at once."

"My name is Jeaters. I am in charge of this place. Who and what are you?" "Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure. I humbly beg pardon. I could not see you properly in the darkness. I hope you won't take any notice of my nonsense just now. In the darkness I couldn't see you properly and I took you for one of them long-shore thieves that live by plundering wharves and barges. They're a cruel, bad lot, and often get honest men suspected of thieving what they steal. I hope you will forgive me, sir?"

"Who are you and what brings you here?" "My name is Doby, sir. I'm vanman to Mr. Manson, the auctioneer, of New Cross."

Jeaters, with a gasp and laugh, began to breathe freely.

"Mr. Manson told me to call here and say that when you were with him to-day he forgot to ask you when you'd like your furniture removed to the mart. I knocked and shouted at the door above till I was tired, but I know every inch of the place, for I helped to put the furniture in and take it out when they had it for a hotel. As there was no one in the place to open the door into St. Vincent place, I thought I'd try down here, and if I found a door open, have a look at your furniture. Just to see what we'd want to take it away. The governor forgot to ask you how much there was to go."

"Only two small rooms. You cannot see the things to night. How did you come down here?"

"I got over the railings at the end of St. Vincent place. I used to get over the railings when I was on the big job. Getting over them railings is second nature to me."

Jeaters felt not only quite at his ease now, but quite light-hearted. "I am glad you came. It will spare my going to Mr. Manson this afternoon." He turned and looked at the dock and ascending the stairs, opened the gate of the railing leading into St. Vincent place. "Here is the key of the place for Mr. Manson, as I myself may not be able to attend the removal of the furniture. Give him this note. It contains a document he wished for. Tell him the furniture removed to-morrow. In one of the fire-places of the great hall, I burned a lot of rubbish. If you yourself will sweep the ashes up and throw them into the river, and see that the two rooms and the great hall are swept out, I'll take care of you afterwards."

Jeaters turned into Muscovy terrace and walked away. When he had gone a few paces he turned back and looked at the great, black, square, rayless building standing up against the darkening sky.

Then he went to the parapet and looked into the river. He saw, or fancied he saw, something white lying motionless in the slack water just under the shoot.

He hurried away from the parapet, and towards the great hall, and turned no one on the terrace he broke into a run.

At the end of the terrace he turned to the left, and in a few minutes found himself in the main street of Verdon. It was now almost dark.

"Once," thought he, "the furniture is removed there will be no clue to me. I have buried everything that could be identified as my own; I have left nothing that could tell a woman had been there. I think no one can follow us from Hoxton, for my driving to the Charing Cross railway terminus and leaving our luggage there. Charing Cross is a dead end does not work Verdon, and no one, knowing only that I had driven from Hoxton to Charing Cross, could think of looking for me here. The man I bought my furniture from did not know my name. I told him it was for Hillier's caretaker, and he knew no more about me than that I bought the furniture, had it sent to the St. Vincent, and paid for it. I was careful to buy the furniture in Tottenham Court road, so that there could be no local gossip about it or me. We had no tradespeople calling at the door. I brought in the furniture in a van. The only person who could know for certain any one lived in the house is the postman, and no letter came for anyone but me. No one in the neighborhood could have known there was anyone but me in the house. I think I am safe and know it. I am free and free and free without doing anything of which the law could take hold. And yet—and yet—and yet. Oh, confound the law! What more did I expect? What more can I want? What more could any man expect or want?"

He walked about purposelessly for a while, now stopping to watch a tramcar pass by, now looking into a shop window. He turned into a restaurant and ordered tea and glanced over all the evening papers. There was no startling paragraph about the river. The advertisement of the morning did not appear in any of the evening papers. That was a blessed relief. Already things were becoming quiet, comfortable, common place.

If his life was already becoming commonplace—if the desperate fever of fear was already leaving him—might not his life become romantic soon? Might not he go back to Muscovy place for his watch? To take up his lodgings there? To begin life again? To enter on the Promise Land?

CHAPTER XXVI.

JEATERS' NEW CARD.

That night he slept at the same hotel as the night before. In the morning, to his inexpressible relief, no advertisement referring to Polle appeared in the newspapers, and there was no account of any ghastly salvage from the Thames.

"But," he thought, "all the ghastly things drawn out of the river do not find their way into the newspapers. In fact, unless there is something very noteworthy about things found in the river, they are never heard of in the newspapers at all."

Twenty-four hours ago it had seemed that nothing—nothing in all the world could be of something he could recognize in the water. Now the absence of such an account made him uneasy. Nothing was going on before his face—what might not be going on behind his back? Nothing was going on in sight—what might not be going on behind the veil?

When he had finished breakfast he went out. He went on to Furham but avoided Muscovy place. He took passage in the great Furham street ferry boat and crossed to the northern shore.

"If," he thought, "anything has been found in the river, a description of it will be posted up here at Furham as well as at Verdon, and it is

safer to look at the board here than at Verdon. Although no one in Verdon knows my name, if by and by enquiries were made someone who saw me reading the board might come forward and identify me. Here no one would be trying to identify me and I should be safe. I have never been here before in all my life, and no one here will under any circumstances try to remember me or identify me."

He did not care to enquire where the police station was. It would make no difference if he asked look closely at him and take note of his manner and appearance. He would attract attention if he went into a public-house and requested to be shown the directory. For a long time he was puzzled how to find out where the police station lay without challenging observation and attention.

"The last person in the world a man in my position would be expected to ask aid of is a policeman—hence he is the man I ought to ask. To ask him where the station is would be brutally stupid. There's a policeman at the crossing. Let me see how I can get the information I want without displaying the crudity of a yokel."

He went up to the constable and said: "Have you seen a black-and-tan terrier dog anywhere about this morning?"

"Lost dog—black-and-tan. No, sir."

"He has a collar with my name, John Enright, on it. You don't think you've seen him?"

"No, sir. To the best of my belief no such stray has been this way. How long ago is it since you lost him?"

"About an hour ago, at the end of this road."

"I didn't notice any black-and-tan terrier pass this way all the morning. Of course, he may have gone by while I was on my beat, but I didn't see him."

"Thank you very much. He is a dog named Stebbing. He himself had known a Frank Jeaters a little while ago—a very short time since. But that Frank Jeaters had disappeared for the present, no one knew whither."

He took the little packet of cards from his pocket and looked at the one outside the paper under the string. On it he read:

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8 Muscovy place, Furham.

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No, the dog had not come in. In fact, no dog of any kind had come in that morning yet. If the dog did turn up, then word would be sent to Hampstead.

Jeaters thanked the sergeant and strolled out to the door of the station. He stood on the threshold and looked up and down the street to see if "Sam" were on his way to danceville. Then, quite by accident, his eye caught the name of a human being on a door leading to a lower moral level than John Enright of Hampstead, who had lost the terrier that answered to the name of Sam. It was just as well that John Enright might see to read the notices on that hideous black board without the trouble of personal interest for Frank Jeaters could not tell who might be looking on and taking note of the kind-hearted dog owner who was so sorry to lose Sam, and so anxious to get Sam back.

When he had read all the notices he looked up and down the street again, and straightened his hat on his head again, knocked the ashes off his cigar once more and sauntered away whistling softly.

In his soul he was thinking, "Thank heaven, there is no announcement that anything has been found! Nothing that I am the least interested in has been found yet!"

He had nothing to do. He was accustomed to doing nothing. He could get on very well under ordinary circumstances with strolling through life and reading the newspapers. He had no other business but to wait for him up to this hour, or anyway until this week. He had only one other thing to do that day. He did not seek an easy way of doing it. He wanted to keep moving with that one thing for a main object in view, but he was in no hurry to get it done.

He took train from North Furham to Fenchurch street. He was on his way to New Cross. His only remaining business that day was to see Manson, the auctioneer, but he did not want to see him up his business early. He wanted to have some expectation in his mind. He wanted to have some thought of something to throw to his mind if his mind began to threaten him. He was hour by hour overcoming his fear of the river, but hour by hour was growing up in him a fear of his own mind.

It was no more than noon now and he did not want to get his business over until late in the afternoon. He walked from Fenchurch street to the Bank, and stood on the steps of the Royal Exchange for a while, enjoying a sight of the busiest site in all the world.

As he looked on he told himself that it was most curious to suppose that he could be worth a moment's consideration, or would win a moment's consideration from this hurrying, swaying, surging throng. Not one man there would stay his swift foot for one moment to look at him even if all of them knew the recent history of St. Vincent place. And yet, although he told himself this in his own mind, his eyes were peering about to find the lamp-post on which this hurrying crowd would lynch him if they heard that pitiful story.

Yes, that story was becoming pitiful to himself even now!

All at once as he stood here he turned sick. An omnibus passed by with the abhorred name of Hoxton on it.

He turned into Cheapside and went on over the vicarage under the office where, a few days ago, John Enright borrowed the money for his expedition. He went down the steps of the vicarage to Farringdon street and walked towards Ludgate circus. He remembered that near the circus there was a tiny shop, a printer's, where you could have cards done "while you wait."

He wanted some cards. He selected a quiet-looking Italian letter, wrote down his name and address for the young Caxton, and in a few minutes was handed the little packet, with a specimen card outside under a string. He dropped the packet into his pocket and turned into Fleet street. He was on his way west. He thought a stroll along Piccadilly might draw his mind off a quiet notion. No one walking along Piccadilly on a bright, clear day like this could be made wretched by thinking of any pitiful tale whatever.

Fleet street was busy and reassuring enough, but it had not the look of splendid wealth to be found in Piccadilly. It appeared as if things might go wrong with one in Fleet street, but in Piccadilly it seemed as if all things had been arranged for the sumptuous prosperity of all people for all time.

As he was looking around he suddenly drew up with a violent start. Across the way he read on a fascia board, "Markham & Co., Advertising Agents." There was the office from which issued the advertisement which had caused him so much trouble and terror. What could be behind that advertisement—another thing from America for Polle, or a pair of handcuffs for himself?

Had they got any news? Any account? No doubt Wrothbys, with whom Polle and he had lodged in Hoxton, had called and told all they knew, but all they knew would be quite harmless. The Wrothbys were not likely to say anything injurious to him, and they had no more clue to where he had gone than to the winter home of the swallow of last summer. Not so much, for they did not even know that

Clearer's Juvenia Soap

Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.

The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.

JUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any coloring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water.

From careful analysis and a thorough investigation of the whole process of its manufacture, we consider this Soap fully qualified to rank amongst the FIRST OF TOILET SOAPS.

T. HOBBS REDWOOD, F.I.C., F.C.S.; A. J. DE HAILES, F.I.C., F.C.S.

Wholesale Representative for Canada—CHARLES GYDE, 33, St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

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It was Absent.

"Yes," said young Gingerly, "I loved her and she loved me, but our parents were opposed to the match."

"That was where the hitch came in, was it?" asked Barlow.

"No; that was where the hitch went out."

It may be interesting to know that when excursion rates are made to Chicago for people who live in the East, to enable them to attend the World's Fair next year, it is contemplated by the Western roads to also make excursion rates from Chicago to all principal business and tourist points in the West, North-west and Southwest, so that those who desire to spend a few weeks among their friends in the Great West, may have an opportunity of so doing without incurring much additional expense. It may be

Not a Catching Disease.

shirt-front was an artificial flower, pink in color.

"I lied," he said—"I lied; she was not my wife, except, maybe, in the eyes of God. I deceived her—betrayed her, and fled like a coward. I have been sorry, but I heard she was sung for the first time by Miss Stephens, who subsequently became the Countess of Essex. On one occasion, while Crouch was executing

100

The crowd agreed, and the stranger unslung his gingerbread gun, as his opponent dubbed

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
E. T. Hameltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c.
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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A Capital Story.

The Ivory Gate, by Walter Besant, and published in Canada by the National Publishing Company, is a book that will assuredly make a noise. It has in it a resemblance to the strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with this difference, that the metamorphosis is not caused by a drug and the change does not make the man a demon or a savage beast, but a lovable philanthropist with a scheme for wiping out poverty and misery. It treats of a mental disease. A prominent London lawyer who had been a great brain worker all his life, finds himself falling into daily reveries lasting for hours. He supposes he is asleep at such times, but his old confidential clerk knows that he goes out and comes in while in these stupors, but does not tell him, fearing it will cause his master to retire from business. An entry is discovered in the bank book showing that the lawyer had paid \$720 to one Edmund Gray by check. He knows of no such person, calls his clerks, hunts up the returned check, and pronounces the signature a forgery—remarkably clever, but still a forgery. After eight years other forged letters turn up and valuable bonds are removed from the private safe, and on being traced are found to be banked to the credit of Edmund Gray. The old lawyer and his friend are in a great excitement over the matter, especially as socialistic tracts signed by Gray are found on the lawyer's table, which makes him furious, as he is a believer in the divine right of property.

With rare skill Besant carries the matter along, showing that the lawyer in his reveries loses his identity and becomes Edmund Gray, the very antipodes of his real self—genial, generous, a fond dreamer of an ideal future to be brought about by his personal efforts. The story is a good one—so good that I read it all in two sittings.

MACK.

The Drama.



JUDAH is a great play with Willard in the title role, and the people of Toronto are feeling a particular admiration for Manager Sheppard in that he so adroitly lit upon his feet when tossed into the air by that theater fire in Cleveland. The Hanlon's suffered considerably by the conflagration and telegraphed their inability to fill their engagement here. This message came Saturday morning and by Saturday evening Mr. Sheppard was able to announce to enquiring friends that he had arranged with Willard, and by wire had bought off his engagements for the first three nights of the week; further, that Judah, the play which almost every person who poked a head into the box office window enquired about, would be played. He also had secured The Players Stock Company, which recently appeared at the Academy of Music, to occupy the boards for the latter half of the week. Legitimate enterprise is admirable and in this instance the manager of the Grand made a fair deal. Mr. Willard had been interviewed by newspaper men, deputations of theater-goers, and an anxious and endless stream of individuals made it a point to wait upon Manager Sheppard, urging that Judah be put on, but to the pleadings of the manager and the public alike, the actor declined to substitute Judah for The Middleman, even for one night last week. Firmness is something of a characteristic with Mr. Willard. If he said he was going to stand on a certain spot, the roof might slowly sag and cave in, but he would be found holding down the spot referred to. A man of such firmness seems able somehow to hold up roofs with the pillars of his resolution; but if the roof should fall, it appears as though his will stands up above his head and divides the falling mass, causing it to drop to each side, leaving him unharmed. I am using the roof as a figure merely, but we have seen enough of Mr. Willard to warrant the use of that figure. He is an altogether new experience—like Diarrail he comes to lay down conditions, not to discuss terms. It is this and it is that, wherever he goes, local customs to the contrary notwithstanding. Well, if he has the strength to carry such a position right through, all the better for him and none the worse for us. In fact, all the better for those of us who attend the theater for the sake of the play. He had the best of it with the students Monday night. He was right. The students could surely have a bigger time if they attended a howling melodrama and turned loose their keen wits upon the stalking villain, the exuberant heroine and the herculean gentleman of a hero. Surely the students admire genius and the acting—surely they know something worth looking at and listening to when they see and hear it! Willard's Judah was a bit of fervid work that a student might have studied with profit—no figure so fine, no voice so magnificent, no spirit so intense, will be on the stage of the Grand again this year.

Judah is not so much a one-man play as The Middleman. Various members of the company have a chance to do good work. Mr. Royce Carleton as Mr. Dethic proves himself to be a high-class comedian, and Mr. F. H. Tyler as

Juxon Prall was extremely clever. It would be hard to conceive two parts more different than those taken by him in the two plays, yet in each he was nearly faultless. Mr. Harry Cane, who made such a faithful Batty Todd, in the former play, made a clever Prof. Jopp in the latter, while Miss Marie Burroughs as Vashit Dethic proved her fitness to be Willard's leading lady. She has an admirable gift for calling into her face a look of hopeless despair, silent and up-demonstrative, notably when she stood up beside Judah and in response to his pleadings confessed herself an impostor; and earlier, when they two were alone and a silence fell upon them. One who is not an actor cannot turn silence to much account. Miss Nannie Craddock as Lady Eve was natural and sincere and looked her part exactly.

It is said that Mr. Willard intends some day to play Hamlet. I hope it may be soon and that he may bring it here, for in the grand part of the mad prince he will have scope for all his talent. Willard's Hamlet should almost be worth visiting England to see.

The proposal to charge fifty cents admission to the gallery of the Grand next Halloween so as to shut out the students, and the belief expressed by several papers that this would prove efficacious, is really too absurd. If the prices were raised, the students would simply make it a matter of honor to turn out all the more and all the merrier. If the price was raised to a dollar it would not diminish the number of students by one—they would pay without a grumble, but they would, every man jack of them, make a dollar's worth of disturbance instead of twenty-five cents' worth. Although this is true, the proposal to double on the boys is all right—the manager and the company should get financial recompense for the injury done to their tempers. Let us be honest about this thing. While I think the students were badly advised in disturbing so fine a performance, yet the people who crowded the house had, as a rule, nothing to complain of. Hundreds of them came purposely to hear the students. I met a dozen people who had secured seats in advance and a dozen more who expressed regret because they could not go—the students caused a rush. And notwithstanding what has happened, there will be a rush next Halloween. I would be sorry to encourage rioters who need no encouragement, but the truth seldom effects any lasting injury. The students do not pinch quarters as tight as some of the papers profess to believe. They are more given to squandering than to miserliness—many of them have too much money for their own good, and those who have little follow Ingersoll's advice, and when they have a dollar to spend they spend it as though it were a dry leaf and they the owner of boundless forests.

In the play at the Academy this week, five magnificent lions are made to go through a programme of tricks, and every eye in the house is fascinated by the royal beasts. Some may have shared with me a feeling of remorse and regret that those great animals should occupy a place so different from that allotted them by nature. Two of them would climb upon opposite ends of a plank and a dog would jump on the center and teeter the huge beasts. This was only one of the many tricks performed. Occasionally a gleam of the real, majestic nature of the lion would drop out but it would vanish at a lash from the whip. The lions are trained, they are tamed, they are actors, and one shabby old brute actually traversed the den with the swagger of a stage villain—no doubt picked up by long study of actors through his cage. I have seen pictures of keepers throwing huge quarters of beef to caged lions, but Col. Boone only threw very small slices of steak to his animals, and so the real thing was less fascinating than the pictures. The play itself, like so many other melodramas, has in it the abduction of a girl by a villain. One would suppose, from attending all the melodramas that come around, that girls were being stolen every day all around us, and that fond fathers were asking villains to restore "my che-lid" every day, too, and receiving a horse-laugh for answer. However, that is a fault of playwrights and not of actors. Perhaps the most striking figure in Under the Lion's Paw is Chas. O'Brien as Johnnie the Clown. He and his large, bulky wife look like a couple who had walked bodily out of one of Dickens' novels. W. F. Granger as Jack Carrington was all right in his second appearance after reforming, but in the opening scene, as a dissipated artist, he was too labored. The show has drawn good houses, for lions are something of a novelty here.

Edwin Arden is a spirited young actor, and Eagle's Nest is an exceedingly eventful play. Jacobs & Sparrow's has been crowded all week. Arden himself is a fine-looking fellow and considerably above the run of actors who handle sensational roles. He really acts and understands the art of speaking naturally and forcefully, while having an exceptional grace of movement. The play is a good one, although it has a few too many death grips and revolvers, but everyone has not an antipathy to seeing guns drawn, as was evidenced by the applause which constantly greeted the leading people in the piece. Mr. Harry Mack as Daniel Dibsey was extra good and provoked constant laughter without seeming to be trying to do so. He has a rare face and looked the liquor-loving, good-hearted, shiftless lawyer to a nicety. These two men stand out conspicuously, although the balance of the company is very good. Arden is getting quite a reputation as a sensational actor, he has a good manager, and being a fine, likable fellow he will do well. Those who enjoy a good realistic melo-drama enjoyed Eagle's Nest this week.

Mr. Gerald Donaldson of this town is playing with Love and Money, and was in St. Louis last week, where the papers lavished particular praise upon his part. He takes a new conception of his part, different from that drawn from it by those preceding him, and it appears that the critics applaud him without stint.

Next week the Fast Mail will appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's. It is a spectacular production, showing Niagara Falls, a steamboat race

and railroad trains in full motion. The company carries about the heaviest stock of scenery and stage settings of any on the road.

At the Academy next week will appear Hoyt's new play, A Temperance Town, under the author's own management. It is very well spoken of, and the original Madison Square Theater cast is billed to present it here. The play was suggested by a certain proceeding at law in the courts of Vermont, the defendant being found guilty of seven hundred and fifteen offences against the liquor laws, and sentenced to pay ten dollars for each offence or serve three days' imprisonment for each dollar his fine would amount to. Special matinee on Thanksgiving Day.

The latter half of the week at the Grand was filled by the Players' Stock Company with the same bill as recently presented at the Academy. Next week Miss Rhea and her company will play Albert Roland Havern's historical drama, Josephine, Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing, and Victorien Sardou's Princess Andrea. That is a great bill and should draw.

MACK.

Varsity Chat.

WITH the advent of the annual games, and with the defeat of 'Varsity II. by Hamilton II. last Saturday, sports at 'Varsity may be said to have reached the culminating point this season. The short remaining time during which Nature allows the festive sport to pursue his avocation, during which the venerable senior joins with the verdant freshman in pursuing round the campus the elusive football, during which lectures are, to some extent at least, neglected, and hard study is out of the question, will be filled up with inter-year matches of local interest, but the great contests of the year have come and gone, and even the more ardent spirits among the sporting element are seriously thinking of "getting down to work." This year's sporting season has on the whole been a satisfactory one. It has seen the triumph of Orton among the crack sprinters of the United States; it has seen the organization of a more substantial lacrosse club than has yet been inaugurated around 'Varsity—a club which promises yet to distinguish itself; it has seen sports of every kind more generally participated in and a more lively interest manifested in them by the student body as a whole than ever before; and it has seen the successful termination of annual sports inferior in point of interest and of finance to none that have gone before. One of the most marked features of sports this season is the growing prominence of Rugby football. Some of the years have organized separate Rugby teams. The School of Science possesses a flourishing fifteen. Even the different honor courses have entered the field. The political science men of the four years have challenged all the rest of the college to play "the game of Rugby." It seems to be taking the place of Association in the popular estimation. Unless its sister game conspicuously revives she will be pushed aside in favor of her bolder companion. Talking about Rugby reminded us that 'Varsity II. were beaten by Hamilton II., 13 to 15. Great hopes had been entertained of our second team. It was confidently expected that the swiftness of Harry Moore and Willie Hargrath together with Charlie Moss's sure passing would make the half back line a veritable tornado, but when Saturday afternoon came a heavy drizzle filled the air; the ground was wet and soggy and the outside halves could not run, while the ball was so wet that sure passing was an utter impossibility. But even with these disadvantages it is highly probable, indeed it is a practical certainty, that had it not been for certain little eccentricities of the referee, 'Varsity would have won. It is always dangerous to let a man referee who does not know anything about the game, or one who has neither force of character nor good judgment. He may make a mistake.

The annual sports were very successful, as indeed they always are. When President Strath of the sport committee was asked if they had "cleared expenses," he said, "Yes, we have surplus enough to give the committee a good dinner," from which, knowing as we do the excellent appetites possessed by those worthies, we are forced to conjecture that the receipts must have been prodigious. The main events were the half mile, the 440, the 220, and the mile. In the half mile Orton won, as everyone expected, but he was closely pushed all the way by Grant, who both in this race and in the mile surprised all by the splendid run he made. Grant is a new star and promises to distinguish himself before long. Hamilton won the 220 after a hard race in which Porter pushed him closely, and the unconquerable Orton won the 440 after a splendid finish; Charles Pratt and Ralph Hooper were right on his heels. Porter still holds the championship medal. On the whole the games were good; long may they continue to be. The inter-year football matches this year promise well. The cross-country run excites a good deal of interest, and it is thought that Grant will push Orton hard. 'Varsity will turn out a good hockey team this winter, being strengthened by Jack Gilmour and "Biddy" Barr of N. C. C. But as I look out upon yonder noble campus and watch the hot athletic contests now taking place, I think how soon it will be covered with a mantle of white, when its quietude will only be disturbed by the hurrying footstep of the pale-faced, spectacled student, in mortal dread of missing the opening words of a nine o'clock lecture.

By a debate at our literary society it has been decided that it would not be beneficial to the United States should the Republican party win next week. Messrs. W. H. Pease, W. S. Carroll and Biggar praised the Republicans, while Messrs. S. B. Woods, B. A. C. Craig and C. A. Moss told of the blessings held in store by the Democrats. The readers of current literature showed to great advantage over the dwellers with formal thought. Political theories are all right, but to use Grover Cleveland's stolen phrase, "It is a situation, not a theory, that confronts us."

Miss Telfer, Miss Jeffrey and Messrs. Lingebach, A. S. McKay and John Cronyn contributed to the success of the meeting on French authors

of the Modern Language Club on Monday last, and Miss Comme and Mr. McKinnon were elected first year councillors.

Those of '93 "festivated" on Saturday evening last in the Y. M. C. A. hall and Mr. W. A. Phillips was elected president, while the proceedings were enlivened by songs, poems, etc., by Miss Balmer, Miss Roberts and Messrs. R. S. Jenkins, Crosby and Knox.

ADAM RUFUS.

An Etching.

The mountain sloped away down until the trees at its base seemed like mere bunches of prairie grass. You could reach out your hand and comb the clouds with your open fingers. Two travelers and a native guide, each carrying poles with sharp hooks on the end, paused exhausted on the crest of the mountain and noted these things. They noted, further, the massive rocks, a cubic acre in measurement, which long ago had been tossed furiously about by Nature in one of her demoniacal moods, and over everything the slime of lava from the now quiet volcano, like cold, hardened, wasted gray thrown out from this back window of hell. The great mouth of the volcano lay open before them several miles wide and nearly a thousand feet deep, while near its distant and deep center rose up several cones from which belched sulphurous steam and flickering lights.

Preceded by the guide, the travelers cautiously descended the thousand feet of almost precipitous rock, and then at a brisker pace struck across the uneven, scraggy lava-bed towards the great cone of all. Up, up its side, and then another sight below them—the lake of fire and brimstone, nothing less. Boiling, sputtering, bubbling and roaring like Niagara—yet every movement slow, and awful in its very slowness. The guide tied a cloth over his mouth to prevent sulphurous suffocation, and the travelers did the same.

Then one of the Englishmen pointed to a spot where notches had been made as though to aid some adventurous spirit to descend into that reeking cauldron. The guide nodded an intimation that it could be done, and holding out his hand received a tiny piece of gold. The other traveler's face was white as death; he shook with fear that sought no concealment—drawing back, refusing to go, and imploring the others to give up the idea and hasten away. This was all in pantomime, for no word could be heard in that tremendous roar. But the others laughed and motioned him to await there until they returned.

Another descent more dangerous than anything like it in all the world, for if one fragment was displaced it might loosen ten above it, and these might loosen a thousand and cause an avalanche that would in an instant carry the climbers into the heaving fluid of fire below. Hands bleeding, almost suffocated with sulphur, almost fried with fervent heat, they reached a place where they might pause and observe. The traveler looked up and waved his stick triumphantly towards his friend on the brink.

The friend peered down a moment then—what does he mean? He rushes frantically along the edge, heedlessly, recklessly near, waves his hat and disappears for a second—then an object shoots over the brink, dark against the fire-reflecting clouds above; an object with tossing arms and legs, down, down like a plummet, past the crouching figures of the traveler and the guide, into the boiling, bubbling, swirling lake of fire and brimstone.

Not a ripple disturbed the surface, not the slightest commotion occurred—on swung the syrup of melted rock. The traveler threw his arms about the guide and screamed, but in that roaring pit his voice was not strong enough even to accost his own ears.

Fear had made the man above a maniac, and the vortex lured him in.

ZEKE.

If the Union Station Fell Down

The World got hold of a new reporter last year about a fortnight before that big boarding-house on College street toppled over into an adjoining excavation. The new man daily attended a feedery up in the northwest part of the city and in his walks to the office he passed along College street.

Although the catastrophe had happened on Sunday morning, it was midnight before news of it reached the World office, and City Editor Ewan immediately despatched two men to write it up. When the two got through their work an interested group surrounded them in the reporters' room to hear their description of the curious manner in which one wall of the house had given way and allowed all of the furniture, including a piano, to slide into the cellar which was being dug on the next lot.

Suddenly the new man spoke.

"Yes, it was a great wreck," he drawled. "I saw it when I was coming down at two o'clock this afternoon."

"You did," gasped Mr. Ewan, "and we nearly missed it." He tried to speak further but emotion made him dumb.

Next afternoon when the city editor was making up "the book" he assigned the new man to "do" the Union Station. As the recent addition to the staff was leaving the office, with a great flourish, his chief stopped him.

"By the way, Jenkinson," said he, "if the Union Station falls down you might make a note of it."

PEACEFUL JONES.

Annexation

"Say, Smith, you remember Chawley, the wealthy young English fellow in our set?"

"Yes; what about him? Haven't seen him lately."

"Oh, he's gone in for Annexation."

"You don't say so? Why, he used to be such a strong Federalist."

"Yes, but he's just married a rich widow from New York."

"Pshaw, that's not Annexation, that's Commercial Union."

BRUCE.

All in the Family.

"I hear that your head clerk is to marry your daughter!"

"What's the odds? I had to support him, anyhow."

Natural

"What did his wife do when she found the hair on his coat?"

"She combed him down."

The Strange Sweet Girl.

For Saturday Night.

I saw the girl I love to-day;
My heart had told me she was there,
And thro' the city dull and gray
She shed a glory everywhere.
I saw her in the crowded street,
Her presence scorched me like a flame,
She does not know me when we meet,
She's never even heard my name;
But oh, the world is bright to-night,
And I may let my heart strings play,
And give my foolish fancy flight—
I've seen the girl I love to-day.

But I must quaff a bitter cup!
My love for her I'll never tell;
At this my rebel heart leaps up,
And madly beats against its cell;
It chokes me in my troubled sleep
And cries aloud in its distress;
All prostrate it doth wall and weep
And rails against its loneliness.
But oh, to-night it gives no cry,
My soul leaps ladders down and gay,
And gladness sleeps me o'er—for I
Have seen the girl I love to-day.

The winging birds that past me fly,
The pearl beneath the sounding sea,
You little star high in the sky,
Are not so far away as she.
Yet it is folly thus to sigh,
Madness—call it what you will;
It is—it may be so, but I
Will love her—love her—love her still.
I won't forget her if I might;
My loyal heart will never stray,
And this is why I'm glad to-night,
I saw the girl I love to-day.

I'll love her till the Doom is done,
And all is darkness overhead;
I'll love her till the glaring sun,
Is stricken blind and Time is done.
Oh, strange sweet girl, where'er you go,
For weal or woe, as maid or wife,
No one can ever love you so,
As I have loved you all my life.
Oh, strange sweet girl, so fair and bright,
For your dear sake I've learned to pray,
My happy heart will sleep to-night,
I saw your darling face to-day.

Rushdale Farm. R. K. KENNEDY (THE KIAN).

This Mixed Up World.

For Saturday Night.

Is there any use in troubling one's head
About half the things that are done, or said,
In this mixed up world of ours?
For some women will swag, and men will brag,
The strong will conquer, and the weak will lag
In this mixed up world of ours.

Is there any use in troubling one's head
Because somebody said that somebody said,
Something about another somebody?
For gossip live now as in the days of yore;
And such people, you know, never run ashore
For something to say about somebody.

Can you see any use in troubling one's head,
If the rich live high and the poor are not fed,
In this mixed up world of ours?
Such things have been and are likely to be,
Notwithstanding the efforts of you and of me,
In this mixed up world of ours.

Is there any use in troubling one's head,
Though millions of people are captive led
In this mixed up world of ours?
And sin and sorrow stalk in our sight,
And all our souls with a sad afflict,
In this mixed up world of ours?

Such things have been and are likely to be,
Notwithstanding the efforts of you and of me,
In this mixed up world of ours.
So, while we may labor, and while we may pray,
Let us try to be cheerful as long as we stay
In this mixed up world of ours.

Things may be straightened out, by and by,
Though many and tangles we can decry,
In this mixed up world of ours.
Anyhow, it is wisest for you and for me
Not to trouble too much about what we see
In this mixed up world of ours.

A. J. W.

A Song for My Love.

For Saturday Night.

God bless the girl I love!
I long to greet those lips so sweet,
Hear accents from above,
And tenderest words, like songs of birds,
Distilling sympathy so sweet,
Encouraging my weary feet.
God bless my love!

God ever with her stay!
Her eyes so bright, chasing dull night
And every care away,
So soft, so clear, so full of cheer,
They seem like gates of paradise,
All heaven peering through those eyes,
God bless, to-day!

God bless her soul this day!
So rich in love, my sweetest dove,
All virtues with her stay,
Her queenly state, yet soul so great,
She has kind words for the poorest wight,
While friends and home are her delight,
God with her stay!

A. W. CRAWFORD.

Bright Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

To M—
Bright eyes, so winsome and merry,
So witching and slender and fair—
The stars in their radiant beauty
Cannot with ye compare.
As bright as the dancing sunbeams
Chasing the rain away,
As clear as the sparkling waterfalls
That gladden the thirsty day.

As pure as the halo of glory
Adorning yon queenly moon,
And soft as a glowing sunset
In the beautiful month of June.
Sweet eyes so tender and trusting
May never ye know a tear,
But with a gladdening lustre
Grow brighter, year by year.

J. F. DELANEY.

November.

For Saturday Night.

November's here, the month best known for chills;
They go cowering down the back,
They play ed havoc with the nerves, slack!
Until, if wishing to dispel the ill,
One has to take a triple dose of pills.
Each draught doth put the suffering soul to rack,
As headlong down the spine it takes its track,
And with all sorts of pain the body fills.
O ye November winds that rattle by,
That rashly, madly fly about the town,
That grasp us tightly till we're weak and sore,
Why are ye happy when ye hear the cry:
"Say, will you kindly pull that window down?
Pray, will you kindly shut that door?"

A. A. B.

Between You and Me.

"THE Turks say that he who loves a good smell is fit for Paradise," remarked a small woman one day lately. I wonder what place he who loves a bad smell is prepared for? The other evening, as we rode down to the Grand in one of those gaudy but unreliable Sherbourne street cars, with our minds attuned to happiness and our lungs full of fresh night air, a party joined us. Presently Mr. Gay remarked: "I think I will go on the platform for a while," and before very long I thought if I had only been warmly enough dressed that I should have followed him. It was such a smell! a bad, bold, wicked, depraved smell! and it came rolling up the aisle in a masterful manner; it was first cousin to iodine, aunt on the father's side to carbolic acid, and some near relation of mottled asphaltum. Of course, you know, it was the moth preventive in the lady's furs, and she who bore about the odoriferous compound was as apparently unconscious of her misdoings as though she had been steeped in otto of roses or Jean Maria de Parina's best! That is not all. She, or some other, came to church with it on Sunday, and the incense of our prayers was accompanied by what was very far from perfume. Moths are persistently sure-lived, sly and wicked, but I am certain that moth preventive would rout them! Only, dear ladies, do prudence take the trouble when winter comes to hang out your furs in the searching breezes for a few hours before you wear them in a street car or a church.

Once more on the rules for church behavior, I don't think they included directions for the proper demeanor of my lady when she goes to church with my lord. In our reverent and circumspect congregation we don't often see the need for this addition, but everyone knows the couple who go to church for the purpose of sitting close together, giggling, whispering and generally meriting a sound whipping. They came to our church Sunday night, he in patent leathers and a very bass voice, which he exercised in growls and confidential grumbles in her too willing ear; she, pretty and pink, with only sense enough to look devout and bow her head to conceal her giggles. They talked incessantly, to the openly expressed disgust of some worthy folk behind them, and they nearly had hysterics over the printed notice in the back of the prayer-book that a man may not marry his grandmother. How I longed to be behind them! Why, only I and my worthy hat pin would ever have known. I wonder why they came to church? Was it the only place where they could sit and whisper in comfort? How gladly would I have given them my latchkey and the freedom of my best parlor, if only they had let me know before service began. It must be hard on them, poor things! Either to walk the dark and gusty evening streets, hang on the gate until they contract influenza and rheumatism, or disturb a whole transeptful of church-goers. I think there ought to be some place for them, where little brothers and sisters don't come, and there are softer seats than the polished maple of the church benches, and more secluded nooks than the electric-lighted house of prayer. All kinds of guilds and charities and assembly halls are going up and flourishing, why not have a Homeless Lover's Society, where he of the patent leathers and she of the giggles could be taken in and cared for as their subject strait demands? A collection could be taken up to support the idea, in such churches as these couples are in the habit of attending, with, I am sure, large receipts.

Tennyson is dead! says a paraphrast in one of last week's English exchanges. Yes—true enough—and buried too, my friend, and the world has turned away from the wreaths and the songs and the abbey, and goes about querying and worrying over who shall take his place. "Not Swinburne," shriek all the old maids and Mrs. Grundys. "If only Miss Rossetti had been born a boy!" says someone else. "How would the Marquis of Lorne do?" suggests Mr. William Morris, who doesn't apparently banker after the laurels himself. I wonder how many people read Joaquin Miller's lines on the passing away of the laureate? Strong, original and lofty, like the soul of the poet of the Sierras are they! and one looks up at Mars and wonders if the fiery planet, about which we have heard so many funny jokes this summer, yet waits for another poet's soul, or is he, as Miller sings, content with Tennyson's?

For nearly a full decade I have wanted to be in the opera house some evening when the students were out in force. I was there on Monday. Ah me! It sounds so jolly to read in the morning papers about the carryings on, the choruses, the cheers and the man with the mouth organ. Those who were not there say "What larks!" Those who were, remember ruefully the aching head, the coarse horse-laugh, the dirty, floating papers and the senseless uproar, and are half cross and half sorry but not one mite amused. It was almost worth while, though, to hear the noise and vulgarly for the sake of seeing the flash of Willard's eyes, hearing the cutting rebuke of his tone and watching the changing expression of his mobile face, as he was in turn indignant, crafty and triumphant. What police and audience and decency could not compel this knowing Welsh parson won from the hoodlums, unutterable as they were. As to the play, it was utterly robbed of its charm by the upper ten in the top gallery, but seen under different circumstances and played as Willard and his company play it, it must be one of the most perfect of plays. LADY GAY.

Individualities.

One thousand eight hundred girls were graduated from the Boston cooking schools during the past year.

Helen Keller, the gifted blind girl of Alabama, whose name is becoming well known as was that of Laura Bridgman, has written a story for *St. Nicholas*, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the children's building at the World's Fair.

Dr. Annie Wilson Patterson is a distin-

guished young musical director and composer, who is making a high reputation in Dublin. She is conductor and director of the Dublin Choral Union, and is the only lady doctor of music in the United Kingdom except the Princess of Wales.

Joseffy, the pianist, has been practicing nine hours a day for the past year, and those who have heard him play recently say that he will astonish his audiences in the grand tour which he intends making this winter. Marie Rose will retire from the operatic stage and will give lessons in Paris to English, French and American students in operatic singing and acting.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who recently became eighty-three years old, had the good fortune, the distinguished honor, as he himself terms it, of being born the same year with Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson and Lincoln. The genial doctor, philosopher and poet was very smart and active when his last birthday was celebrated. His eye was bright and his mind clear, and his sense of humor as keen as when the autocrat was young.

Miss Mabel E. Cahill, a young Irish girl, who has been in this country only two years, is the champion lady tennis player of America. Our English sisters are even more devoted to the game than we are, and the English lady champion is Miss Charlotte Dod, a young girl of seventeen. The next best two lady players are Mrs. Hillyard, whose husband was one of Lord Hawke's cricket team when it visited America last year, and Miss Bertha Steedman.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote a letter to a London boys' club, in which she said: "I used to say to my own two boys: 'You are like a block of marble which is to be made into a statue. You yourselves are the sculptors. It depends upon you whether you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenerous act, every hurtful word, every unmanly thought is a false stroke of the chisel and mars the statue.'"

Mr. Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager, possesses what is probably the most remarkable Bible in the world. It comprises forty-two folio volumes, and is illustrated by plates on biblical subjects. He has copies of all the Madonnas of every age and every school of art, and in the collection are included mezzotints, full-line engravings, original drawings and unique prints. He has one original drawing of Raphael's, and several of Albert Durer's. The collection is a history of Scriptural art.

Notwithstanding the German Emperor's well known fondness for fine clothes, the statement that his wardrobe contains a thousand various and separate costumes seems almost incredible. His collection, however, embraces all the different court, military, civilian and sporting suits which the Kaiser is required to wear on all sorts of occasions, and includes his incognito clothes and Freemason's regalia. They are, moreover, all in duplicate, to guard against accident or emergency. It is said that the Emperor has at some time worn every existing court costume except that of the French.

A dear little boy of Guben, a town in Germany, is to have for a godfather no less distinguished a man than Prince Bismarck himself. The boy's father is a poor blacksmith. But, one day, as Bismarck's carriage was passing the shop, an accident happened to the horse's shoe, and this humble blacksmith had an opportunity to be of service to the great statesman. Soon after, the blacksmith wrote to Prince Bismarck and humbly requested that the prince should act as godfather to his baby-boy. Bismarck accepted, and some day the boy will rejoice greatly that he had so illustrious a sponsor.

The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Weimar, who have been recently celebrating their golden wedding, are an exception to the ordinary run of royal pairs, for not a breath of scandal has sullied their names during their long married life. The grand duke is one of the most cultivated rulers of Europe. Although his beautiful little capital, Athens-on-the-Ulm, cannot to-day boast of a Goethe, a Schiller, a Herder, or a Wieland, as it did during the reign of his grandfather, Carl Augustus, he has managed to keep up the splendid traditions of his house. The grand duke was fourteen years old when Goethe died and was a great pet of the author of *Faust*.

Prince Dubroff, whose death in Perm has been recently announced, was one of the most eccentric of the czar's subjects. His love of practical jokes resulted in his being banished to Siberia. Just before his arrest he invited a number of friends of both sexes to dinner, and laughed merrily at the praise given a large meat pie, the *piece de resistance* of the banquet. "As the dish pleases you so well, children," he replied to his guests, "I must tell you that my favorite dog Hardi and a few young rats furnished the meat for the pie." At his command a servant then entered the room, bearing in his arms a golden plate holding the skins of the various animals. Without further ceremony he then bade his guests adieu, and started on his way to Siberia.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, who is one of the candidates for the laureateship left vacant by the death of Tennyson, resembles some of the preceding laureates, particularly Wordsworth and Tennyson himself, in feats of pedestrianism. He likes to take long walks, though he is probably not fond of forty-mile tramps, such as Wordsworth used to take with his sister. Mr. Swinburne is quite unlike Tennyson in physical appearance. He is as insignificant as the late laureate was imposing, and as thin as Wordsworth was. His hair is red and his whiskers are Parisian. He is said to have the lamented Hannibal Hamlin's antipathy to overcoats, and goes about without one in the teeth of the south-east winds he likes so well to describe in verse.

A Lasting Link.

Customer—Will this ink fade?
Clerk—I think not, sir. It has been known to last for years.
Customer—Well, I want to be dead sure about it. I am going to write a poem for a magazine with it.

The Main Object.

Stayatt Holmes—Was your expedition successful?
Aretic Explorer—Yes; we got back.

A Convict's Confession

The Sad and Harrowing Tale of How a Boy Acquired a Reputation for Saintliness

BY MACK.

HIS is a man's exposure of wrongs suffered in his boyhood. I intend to set myself square before the world, even though I dispel the halo that has long hovered about me. If there is anything I hate it is a halo following a fellow around and preventing him from having any fun.

Who am I? Well, wherever the English language is spoken anecdotes about me are read and related. Reader, I am the good boy of the Sunday school book, also referred to in the religious papers and mentioned right along in the pulpits. At least, I was that boy once, but now I am a man grown. You might suppose that there have been several boys and that others have succeeded me. Not so. I was the first and only one, and the Sunday school literature still speaks of me as though I were still a boy. You will naturally, therefore, be surprised to hear that all these anecdotes are of me, and occurred several years ago. I cannot die with that halo hanging about me, so will proceed to pull it off. But I must be brief, as I am writing this in the Central Prison and the kindness of the turnkey must not be abused. Not that I care a rap of him, only so far as he has favors to grant.

To begin, you have heard about the boy who, when he was given a peach, did not eat it, although it was a beauty and peaches were extremely scarce, but went and gave it to a poor, sick, crippled boy, and made his hard life a happier one. True enough, I did it. But I want to tell you how it came about.

When the peach was given me none of the other boys were around anywhere to see me eat it, and to eat it without other fellows standing around with their mouths watering would be no fun at all. I couldn't wait for some of the boys to turn up, so the cripple entered my head. He used to sit in a rocking-chair beside an open window. Down I ran as hard as my legs would carry me. Yes, there he sat, and the minute he saw me he commenced calling me names and making the most exasperating faces at me—that was the kind of a cripple he was. I pulled myself up on the window sill and threatened to climb in and punch his head, and he said if I came within reach he would eat me. Then I pulled out that peach, crossed my legs and proceeded to torture him by gazing over it before I ate it. I rubbed it, smelled it and said "Yum-yum," opened my mouth and pretended to take a great bite but postponed the pleasure for another second. Then it occurred to me to hold it out towards the cripple so he would try and grab it, and he did try half a dozen times. Then he pretended to close his eyes so that he could make a sudden clutch when I would be off my guard, but I was as foxey as he. Oh, didn't he want that peach. I was holding it towards him, asking him to smell it, when all at once his mother stood behind me outside. She asked me if I was giving Charles a peach, and said it was so good of me and handed it over before I could do anything. She was the crossdest woman in the village and if she had known I was teasing Charles she would have half killed me. What could I do when that cripple sat there calmly eating my peach and gloating at me? Charles's mother told him to thank me and he did, adding that I was always very kind to him!

He made an awful sly face and I could have scratched his eyes out. Just then my mother came along and Charles's mother told her what a kind and thoughtful son she had, and as the peach was eaten I had to just boil inwardly and let things go. If I had raised a row a good switching would have been my portion. It soon got into the Sunday school papers and it is there yet. But this is the truth of the matter and you don't know how that cripple roasted me. Once after it came out in the *Northern Messenger* we were down at Charles's house for supper, and that spiteful cripple read it out loud to me and I had to sit there with my hands folded and be good. I used to throw boards into the mill race and the saw-mill man hated me. One day a kind lady gave me three beautiful apples and I thought I could work my passage into the miller's favor by giving him one. The saws were buzzing and tearing through hemlock logs when I went in, so when I held up my apples to the miller and asked him to take one, he did not hear me, and took all three. If I had yelled my head off he couldn't have heard me, so I had to stand there and see that great hog of a man eat my treasures. As he wiped his beard with the back of his hand after eating the last one, he motioned for me to skip out and not hang around there. This sort of thing converts a boy into a small demon.

To prove that I am really the good boy of Sunday school literature, let me ask you a question. Did you ever notice that no good boy ever had a father? He is always the son of a poor widow. The stories all being about me explain that circumstance and relieve fathers of an implied reproach. Those who reject me and refuse to believe that I am who I claim to be must regard fathers as hindrances to juvenile goodness.

As I said, the turnkey is kind to me, and the other day he gave me some religious papers, among them a *Canada Presbyterian* containing another chapter of my life, headed, "What a boy can do." I had hoped to die without having that thrust upon my attention again. It related how the only son of a poor widow—this establishes my identity again, for my mother was the only poor widow I ever knew who didn't have seven or eight children—set to work helping his mother. He got a job cleaning the church at seventy-five cents a week, bringing home the postmaster's cow at twenty-five cents a week, buying and selling chickens on speculation on which he cleared thirteen dollars, while a neighbor's woodpile was always open to him when he was not busy at other things, and he cut wood at fifty cents a cord. I plead guilty to having done those things, but it was the most terrible year of my life. My mother got me the job of cleaning the church and of fetching that cow and of sawing that wood, and as for chickens—I knew no more about the value of chickens than of the value of diamonds. My mother would send me to buy a couple of chickens from a farmer, then she would pluck them and send me around peddling to the minister's and the doctor's and other high-feeding people, and they would pay a good price, seeing it was I. That's where the profit came from—a sly bit of masked begging. I was switched and licked and tongue-thrashed awfully that year to make me do what I did. And then my mother would praise me to the minister, and the minister would praise me to my mother, making sure that I was somewhere around with my ears open.

People used to give me coppers when they came to our house, that is, they would ask for my little iron bank and put coppers in there and expect me to feel tickled. My mother taught me to get the bank and play with it when anybody called, and they would nearly always drop in a copper, and mother would tell me to put that box away and not bring it out when people were around or she would burn it. Then she would ask me how I'd like that, as though it made any difference to me, and she would tell the visitor that children were a terrible charge and had to be so watched or they became forward, and she couldn't bear forward children. Of course the visitor couldn't either, but was sure I was a manly little fellow and not forward but quite the contrary. Mother would reply that she hoped so and that she did her poor best, but it was hard for a lone woman to train a boy. When I was seven years of age I gave thirty-six cents to spread the gospel among the Hindoos, and the pastor mentioned my noble act in his sermon as one worthy the imitation of old and young. It also got into the *Northern Messenger*, but I did not deserve all the praise, for I cried terribly when mother took the money out of my bank, but she boxed my ears and threatened to lock me in the dark cellar, so I subsided. I had never heard of the Hindoos before, but mother said they lived away off and I remember climbing a hill about two miles out of town, expecting to see millions of Hindoos lying on the ground and crying to me for help—men dressed like the people in Pilgrim's Progress with a lot of sins rolled up in quills and strapped across their backs. I thought the way to cure them was pretty expensive at thirty-six cents, which I had been gathering for nearly a year. A Bible with real nice pictures in it was what they wanted, and we had one, but no, it wouldn't do, my bank had to be emptied. I was a rebellious boy in those days, who didn't understand things.

I read last summer that the boys at Mimico Industrial School sent in their savings so that their unfortunate little friends in the city could go on a fresh air excursion. That plausible hypocrisy touched me away down deep, and if I had possessed the means I would have resorted to them the money wheeled from them and would have managed somehow to get a confectioner's wagon within business distance of those alleged juvenile philanthropists. With my memory telling me how I aided in evangelizing the Hindoos; how I bought myself something useful, like a cap, instead of wasting my money on tops and balls; how I purchased my mother a new print dress and a pair of prunella shoes; how I put coppers in the collection plate when the very day before the woman in the candy store had got in a new kind of chewing gum with a prize going with every cent's worth—with these things in mind I sympathize with my philanthropic partners in the Industrial School.

Time is up, according to the turnkey, so you must farewell to the good boy of the Sunday school papers. Perhaps you are interested in the after life of a boy so unearthly good as I used to be. I do not know how my case will end. My lawyer has hopes. He thinks he can work the jury and get me off with life imprisonment. Need I say more?

Happy College Days.



Student (to Parental Visitor)—Don't be frightened, Governor—I was initiated into our college secret society last night—they dyed one half of me blue; it'll all wear off in a couple of months!—Puck.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

The Indian dogs are a great nuisance to the surveyors in the North-West. The Indians never work them in the summer, and consequently consider it superfluous to feed them. The dogs are, of course, always in a ravenous state. They have been known to carry off tin pails from the campers for the sake of the grease that may have collected on the sides. Packing straps they regard as a delicacy, and boots! happy the dog that secures a surveyor's boot!

It will be understood, then, that great care had to be taken of our provisions, and that a warm reception was given the midnight visitor that came in the form of an Indian canine.

I was assistant to Dr. Smyth of the geological survey, and we had been in the field for over four months. Our hair and beards had grown long and shaggy and we presented an appearance altogether different from anything seen in civilization. On this particular occasion we had been troubled more than usual by the dogs, and the doctor had given me instructions to sleep with one eye open and kill the first dog that entered our canvas.

About midnight I woke with a deep-noted conviction that a dog was in the tent. I sat up quietly and felt about in the dark, and sure enough, my hand came in contact with a mass of coarse shaggy hair. "Get out, you brute," I cried, as I heaped upon it blow after blow. Suddenly the "brute" screamed out an oath and sprang at me, and every muscle in my body relaxed, and I fell back aghast as I recognized the fact that I had been pounding the doctor's head. What happened then is a secret.

QUILL PENNE.

A Mistake.

The young man walked into the store somewhat flippantly. He fully understood that the proprietor was inside. The truth is, the gentleman whom the young man was so deeply troubled about was his prospective father-in-law, and as yet in a very mild state of prospectiveness. That's what bothered Cholly. The stocks he held at present were tranquil, but in a few moments they might fall. If they fell he was sure to rise—wingless, 'tis true, yet propelled by a mighty force—the old man's right boot. However, as I began, he entered flippantly the bookstore of his beloved's father and somewhat confidently walked up to the old man, saying:

"I see you have the blues." Now, the old gentleman had no deep affection for the interviewer. He was rather indifferent in feeling toward him. It took an occasion like this to bring out his feeling. He truly did not feel very well. In fact, he hadn't arrived home last night when Cholly had long since clasped the maiden to his breast in the moonlight by the gate. But that anyone should mention the circumstance, even covertly, was too, too much. He was speechless from the thought of Cholly's audacity. Thinking the old gentleman abstracted, our hero repeated, "You have the blues, I see," and proceeded with his most kindly smile to carelessly look through a paper-covered volume lying near, adding, just to keep up the conversation, "Are they any better this month?"

It was not patience which kept Col. Benjamin Hawkins quiet to this point. It was, as I have said, astonishment. He was positively sure that his ears did not deceive him. His face swelled with passion, it got redder and redder and he fairly shook. Innocently thinking that the colonel was on his dignity, Cholly continued, slowly raising his eyes, "Give me a—" But he never finished, he simply saw an irate man before him when the cyclone came upon him, and after several hurried excursions round the store of learning he saluted gracefully (f) through space and the front door, descending in the street as he gasped, "a copy."

It is needless to pursue his course farther, but this warning he gives to his friends: Never ask your prospective or retrospective father-in-law for anything flippantly. When you want to please him by purchasing a copy of the *True Blues Monthly*, don't make any implicit remarks about his having them.

G. LAFAYETTE CRAM.

In a Bad Way.

"Are things as bad on that railway as they are said to be?"

"Worse. Why, even the dead heads have gone over to the other line."

The Rule's Exception.

"Is glass a non-conductor of electricity?"

"Certainly."

"Then how about Jersey lightning?"

A LADY'S-MAID'S STORY.

By Mrs. J. McGrath, in *Tit Bits*.

My lady was a fine beauty; a great belle, indeed. She received many offers; but she had no thought of marrying till Lord Strange asked her. I didn't believe she'd take him, but she did, though it couldn't have been for anything but his title and money, for though not so much older than she, he was very ill-favored, his face all scarred up with a burn he had got when a child, and he had as cross and jealous a temper as ever I saw. Besides that, one shoulder was higher than the other, and he had a withered limb, which made him drag one foot when he walked, so he wasn't graceful, let alone being handsome.

He was desperately fond of my lady. He was that jealous of her he could not bear her to look at another man; and to do her justice, she humored him wonderfully in this respect. I don't believe any lady could have been more careful than she was in not doing anything to vex him.

One day, when my lord called at the house to see my mistress about some old family jewels he was having re-set for her, there was a stranger with him, a dark, handsome, foreign-looking gentleman, who looked at my mistress a great deal, and could not conceal how much he was struck with her beauty.

I wondered at so jealous a man as Lord Strange bringing this handsome gentleman to see his promised wife, but I wondered still more at the way he looked at those two, and then he kept asking questions and looking at my mistress as she answered them, for all the world as if he were trying to catch her in a trap. But that night my mistress told me the handsome stranger was only a new secretary my lord had got, and I concluded I had been fanciful in my imaginings.

But the next day Lord Strange came again and brought the handsome secretary with him, this time into my mistress's own boudoir. She must have been surprised, but she never showed it. She had learned already that my lord liked her to take everything he did as a matter of course.

The secretary's name was Vassilis, I found, and I took the opportunity to be in the next room, the door of which opened from the boudoir, and I kept it ajar enough to watch what went on. I wanted to sit on myself, you see, about that secretary. He stared at my mistress worse than the day before, and my lord watched him and her in the same queer way. Lord Strange was not at all like himself—one minute too gay for him, the next gloomy and scowling. He couldn't sit still even, but must go limping about the room and gnawing his finger nails as he watched my mistress sideways.

"There is mischief brewing somehow," I said to myself. My mistress seemed so perfectly unconscious, either of my lord's strange manner, or Mr. Vassilis' absurd behavior. But he wasn't to blame. My mistress was so handsome it was no wonder he stared—and he a Frenchman, too. I don't suppose he ever saw so beautiful a creature in his life before as my mistress was. She was so used to being stared at, I don't suppose she knew anything about it half the time.

I had been with my mistress a long while, and she knew I was devoted to her. Some times she would be quite cozy-like with me. Well, that night, when I was dressing her hair, she asked me if I ever noticed anything strange about my lord; and I said "Yes, I have noticed it." She turned right round and looked at me. "What have you seen, Annette?" said she. "I think he's crazy with jealousy," said I, "and that's what is the matter with him."

My mistress turned white as a sheet. "Oh!" said she, "I never thought of that. I believe you are right, Annette. He does act like a person not in his right mind." "Oh, I don't mean exactly," said I. "I know what you mean," my mistress said; but I don't think she did.

The next morning, as she stood at her dressing-room window, she called to me, in impatience and dismay.

"Annette, here is Lord Strange and Mr. Vassilis again. I suppose we are to have the same thing over again as yesterday. I want you to go down to the conservatory, and stay there near the drawing-room door all the time. Watch Lord Strange particularly, and tell me just how he looks and acts."

"I will," I said; and I went down to the conservatory at once and hid behind some of the big plants, and my mistress came and looked at me and nodded and smiled; but I noticed she was very pale.

She scarcely looked at my lord and Mr. Vassilis when they came in, though she greeted both courteously enough in words. My lord sat down a moment and then muttered something, got up and went out of the room abruptly.

My mistress looked after him with anxious eyes. "He's going somewhere to watch those two," I thought, and sure enough, in a minute I heard his dragging steps coming behind me, and dodged back just in time, though I don't think he would have known I was there if he had seen me, he was looking so intently into the drawing room.

I looked too, and I saw my mistress, who had scarcely noticed the secretary before, leave her chair now and go near to him, speaking earnestly; and the French fellow must needs lay his hands on his heart as he answered her, and look as excited as if it was something of importance.

I thought for a moment my lord would leap in at them and tear the man in pieces. His eyes glared like a wild beast's, and I could hear his teeth grind upon each other.

"It is true, then," he muttered savagely; "she does love that handsome scoundrel. Oh! but it shall cost him dear."

He stood there some moments longer. But my mistress had gone back to her chair, and presently my lord retraced his steps, and came him after a little enter the drawing room by the same door he had gone out at. He was smiling in such a dreadful kind of way that I scared me even at that distance to see. I wondered how my mistress could meet it calmly.

The two gentlemen went away, and my mistress called me to come to her, and I took one step, caught my foot somehow, I don't know on what to this day, and fell sprawling. That was the last I knew for weeks. I struck my head on a flower-pot as I fell. You can see the scar yet. I came near dying, they said.

Well, almost the first thing I heard when I got to know anything again, was that Lord Strange had been robbed of twenty thousand pounds' worth of family jewels, and that he had accused Mr. Vassilis, his secretary, of taking them. Mr. Vassilis was in prison, and was to be tried at the next assizes, which were almost at hand.

It was my mistress who told me this, and she looked troubled and anxious. She was to be married in a few weeks, and the preparations for the wedding were going on as fast as possible; but she seemed worried and out of spirits for one so soon to be a bride.

"Did you watch Lord Strange that day, as I told you, Annette?" she asked me, "or have you forgotten all about it?"

No, I had not forgotten. Everything came back to me as she spoke. I told her all about my lord coming into the conservatory, and what he muttered to himself as he stood there. My mistress looked startled, but she could not understand it more than I; nor so much, for I did have my suspicions even then, though I did not dare tell them.

"It is impossible that he could have been really jealous of Mr. Vassilis," she said, "his own secretary. Why, I never saw the man in my life till Lord Strange brought him here, and I never spoke a word to him that Lord Strange did not hear that day, and then I only asked him if he thought Lord Strange

was quite well. I began to think the man was crazy himself when he put his hand upon his heart in that absurd manner, and looked so excited."

My mistress was married at the appointed time, and Lord Strange took his way on the wedding tour, but I met them in London on their return, and went down to Castle Strange with them. Mr. Vassilis had been tried meanwhile, found guilty, and sentenced to transportation. He hung himself in his cell the day after sentence was passed—made a rope out of the sheets of his bed to do it with.

I heard at the castle some particulars of the robbery. The jewels which were missing had been in town for some time to be re-set for my mistress. The day they were stolen Lord Strange had gone to the jeweler who had them, and after examining the work so far as it was completed, had found all manner of fault with it, and ended by ordering every one to be immediately packed again in the box he had brought the jewels there in, and taken out to his carriage. He left the establishment in one of his well known tempers. His secretary was with him. They entered his lordship's carriage, and put the box of jewels on the seat between them.

Lord Strange's own coachman was on the box. They rode ten miles out to his lordship's suburban villa. From the park gates to the house it was about thirty minutes' drive by a winding road. When the carriage reached the house there was no driver on the box, though there had been at the gates. Both Lord Strange and his secretary were inside, in a deep, drugged sleep. The box of jewels was gone.

They found the driver in an insensible condition back almost to the gates. He had not been drugged. He had been knocked off the box by a heavy blow from behind, a blow with a club, which had only missed killing him.

Lord Strange was the first to come to himself after some hours. The last thing he remembered was drinking with Mr. Vassilis some wine, which must have been drugged. But by whom? Who beside themselves and the jeweler could have done that? He had the jewels with them! An accident, as it seemed at the time, revealed the fact that Mr. Vassilis had a bottle of morphine in his pocket.

The secretary was still sleeping. Either he had taken more than Lord Strange of the drugged wine, or he had taken the drugged wine at once boldly accused the unconscious secretary of having first drugged him, probably before they entered the gates, then climbed out and knocked the driver senseless on the way to the house, afterwards concealing the jewels or passing them to a confederate. He never dared utter these words, and finally drugging himself to divert suspicion. The finding of the bottle of morphine on Vassilis was what condemned him. The unfortunate man denied having ever seen it before the moment it was shown to him, and when told what a wretched fellow he was, he was in a state of horror and weakness, and lay unconscious for hours, in spite of every effort of the physicians in attendance to restore him.

All this time Lord Strange limped back and forth, not far away, his ugly face distorted with rage and threatening, a frightful face to see.

The footman whose place it was to be in attendance on my lord that day, but who had been left in London on what he himself considered a pretense, told me that he heard my lord mutter more than once in the days that followed, with the secretary raving in his ear: "I don't want him to die, curse him! I want him disgraced, turned back with infamy and sent to rot in a felon's cell."

I heard all these things, they grew stronger than ever. But I never dared utter these words, and finally drugging himself to divert suspicion. The finding of the bottle of morphine on Vassilis was what condemned him. The unfortunate man denied having ever seen it before the moment it was shown to him, and when told what a wretched fellow he was, he was in a state of horror and weakness, and lay unconscious for hours, in spite of every effort of the physicians in attendance to restore him.

All this time Lord Strange limped back and forth, not far away, his ugly face distorted with rage and threatening, a frightful face to see.

The two never quarreled. Bad-tempered as he was, my lord never showed his temper to my mistress. But one could see that they were neither of them happy. One day, when we had been at Castle Strange some weeks, feasting and making pretense of being merry, the house full of company, my mistress asked her husband to show her the muniment room. This was the strong room of the castle.

When my lord consented, instead of taking any of her guests with her, she called me to attend her. She would never be alone with her husband if she could help it.

My mistress examined all the curious treasures of the muniment room eagerly, and my lord pleased at her interest, showed her how to open the most secret repositories there, and displayed their costly contents. I don't know how it could have happened; my lord must have made the blunder himself, and opened a door he never would have had my mistress see beyond, in his desire to please.

I heard a sort of scream from my mistress suddenly. She was bending over a long ebony box, which was open, and Lord Strange stood by, with such a face as I hope never to see again. Livid with despair and horror, distorted with an expression more evil than I would have believed possible to a human countenance, he stood watching his wife. My mistress raised her head and looked at him. The truth had come to her at last.

"These are the jewels you accused that man Vassilis of stealing," she said, in a voice so changed I should never have known it as her own. "Yes," my lord answered, an awful blaze in his eyes, "they are. The only crime that poor wretch was guilty of was being loved by you."

"Liar!" was all she said. Lord Strange took a letter out of the box and gave it to her. It was an anonymous letter accusing my mistress of having known and loved Vassilis abroad. It must have been written in the merest malice by some one who envied Lord Strange for having won her, and who knew how jealous he was, played upon that weakness.

My mistress read the letter through to the end before she looked up. Then she said, in the same terrible, changed voice: "My lord, I never saw Mr. Vassilis but three times in my life, and then you were with him. I never spoke to Mr. Vassilis in my life till you brought him yourself into my presence."

My lord was a pitiable sight. He seemed to shrink and shrivel up under her looks and words, as though actual flames had touched him. Suddenly he fell on his knees, and crawled in the dirt at her feet.

"Oh! forgive me," he moaned. "It was my mad love for you made me do it." My mistress looked down at him with a sort of shudder, as if he had been some poisonous and loathsome reptile.

"I will never forgive you," she said slowly. "I will never speak to you again if I can help it." She took my arm and went away and left him. As we passed out of the door I looked back.

"Oh! my lady," I said, "there is blood. He is dead, I am sure." Even then she would not go back to him. But she let me go. He was dead. He had burst a blood-vessel in his agony of remorse, shame and despair.

My mistress has never married again. Why should she? She is rich enough. Lord Strange settled a fortune on her when they were married, and she has her title. She is Lady Strange. Besides, she detests the very name of love or marriage.

Rosalie—Didn't you find it very cold in the mountains? Grace—Sometimes; but I often went driving with Fred.

A Story Without a Moral.

The cards were out for the wedding. The tressou was complete. The best man had the ring. The company had assembled, and the final touches were being put to the bride's veil.

The maid of honor and the four bridesmaids were superintending this ceremony. All these girls had graduated together two years before, and had agreed then to fill these relative positions at the first wedding among them.

"There!" said Nettie Valentine, one of the pink maids; "I think that is quite perfect, don't you, girls?" "Yes, lovely," murmured Theresa Evans, one of the blues. "You must go down now, of course," as an impatient knock came at the door. "Let us say good-bye to Pauline—Pauline Desmond for the last time."

"I do wish, dear," said Fannie Graham, the maid of honor, "that you could have made up your mind to insist that he should take your name instead of you his. But you will write it with a hyphen, won't you?" "Of course, girls; we all promise, and I certainly will."

"And you won't forget what else you promised?" said several voices. "No, girls. You may depend upon me. Yes, mamma, I am ready now."

Five minutes later the bride and groom stood at the head of the long parlor, in front of the bay window where the clergyman had been awaiting them.

Pauline was a fine young fellow, and they made a handsome couple. To be sure, one of the bridesmaids (the blue one, who had kept on her eye glasses) had her own opinion of Pauline, in that she had not preferred the Greek professor; but then really, you know, the professor was pretty old, and as he never talked in society, it was not generally supposed that he understood English as well as Greek.

Then there was Mr. Midas, thought one of the pink bridesmaids. Pauline was a simpleton there. But, after all, it was just as well, and when she took notice again—

At this point the pink maid's wandering attention came back to the sentence the minister was just finishing. "So long as you both shall live?"

It was the bride's turn to say, "I will," as the groom had just said it. Pauline stood erect. She raised her dark eyes and fixed them upon the bride. There was a profound hush, while the clock on the mantel ticked ten times.

"Frank," she said, turning to her half-made husband, "you do not wish me to make this monstrous promise—to drag this relic of the Middle Ages of a time when women were slaves and playthings of men—into our lives? You do not expect this of me, Frank?"

"Because if he does," murmured the tall usher to the pink bridesmaid, "he is very sanguine, and he will apparently be disappointed, like England, you know."

"It is I that you wish for, not a servant; is it not so, Frank?" "Certainly, Pauline, you need not say it, but why couldn't you have arranged this quietly beforehand?"

"Because I wished to do it now. My friends," she said, turning to the assembled guests, "am not right. It is for you, my sisters, that I do this. A recent writer has said, 'Would that some woman would have courage to make a scene, if necessary, on such an occasion! It would be a glorious scene, if she possessed the courage and dignity to refuse for the sake of outraged womanhood to pronounce the monstrous promise. It would be woman's splendid declaration of independence. The brave bride would be the heroine of the hour. She would do more than a thousand sermons to wipe out this blot upon the nineteenth century!'"

"Quoted correctly," whispered the blue maid. "Why that is a very fine thing to say. I am this brave bride, my friends. Now we will go on," she said, turning to the minister.

The service proceeded. The bride did not spoil her point by refusing to be given away. The vows were made (the bride's objection was lost). Then came the nervous moment while the best man fumbled for the ring. He had not lost it. He gave it to the man, who gave it to the woman, who gave it to the minister, who gave it to the man, while the nine bridesmaids stood by and commented. The groom placed it upon the finger of the bride and hesitated over the words he was to say: "With this ring I thee wed—"

"And with all my worldly goods I thee endow," prompted the minister. "No," said Frank abruptly. "Not all of them."

The clock ticked again. "My friends," said Frank, turning to the company, "my brothers, I call you to my support. Why should a man be expected to carry out a promise made in a time of folly? Why should we give all our property to our wives?"

"It's not a bad plan, sometimes," said Uncle Canfield, of Canfield, Drew & Co., but nobody heard him.

"Why should a self-respecting man be expected to bring home all his money, like a model little boy in a Sunday school book? Let us throw off the yoke, and our wives will respect us the more. There are nine hundred and seventy-eight employments open to women where there were formerly but six. They are able to get worldly goods for themselves. Pauline, I know it is I that you wish for, not my money."

"It is," murmured the blue maid, mechanically. "Mean old thing!" said the pink maid to the tall usher. "Mr. Midas wouldn't have done so."

"You can go on now," said Frank to the minister. "Wait. Perhaps you had better not go on," said the bride's mother nervously. "I should think not," said Aunt Sophia severely, to the bride's sister. "You know I never approved of your folly, and you see what comes of them. They had better wait a couple of weeks and join some church where they don't have them."

"I wish they would," whispered one guest to her sister. They'd have to give back the presents, and that little knife gave would just do for Fannie Warner. Her wedding's to-morrow."

"And perhaps the caterer will take back the wedding cake," mused an impertinent youth, and that will do for that same Fannie. But we have to have the salads. I'm awfully hungry."

"Fun, isn't it?" said the tall usher to the pink maid. "I don't enjoy weddings. But if they go on it would be a pity to waste the minister. Some of the rest of us might use him."

"Go on," said the groom impatiently. "Go on," said the bride firmly. "Go on," said Uncle Canfield from the back of the room. "Oh, don't," said the other pink maid, looking for her handkerchief. "Though it be long in the telling how those behind cried and those before cried, back it was only fifty seconds by the clock. Then the reverend Mr. Blake cut the Gordian by saying hurriedly: 'I pronounce you man and wife. Then he went back and finished the service in the usual fashion.—M. Helen Fraser Lovett."

Hopeless. Judge—How did you form your opinion of this case? Talesman—By reading the newspapers. Judge—Do you believe all you read in the newspapers? Talesman—Yes. Judge—Stand down.



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The Political Situation in Shantytown.

Shimel—I dolt you, mine friend, dot Mr. Harrison has got his eye on dot presidential chair.

Clancy—Thin, begorra, ef he keeps it there he'll hav Grovey Cleveland sittin' on his eye.

At the Wedding.

De Wilton—Why did the clergyman ask him if he would have her for better or worse? Majlilton—I guess it is because they haven't settled definitely whether they will live in New York or Brooklyn.

An Afterthought.

Committeeman—Old Hennessey is dead, and our club wishes to erect a shaft to his memory. Dealer—Do you wish any inscription on it? Committeeman—Simply "Hic Jacet."

Dealer—Anything else? Committeeman—Well, ar—yes—you might put the "hic" in parenthesis.

During a Lively Debate.

First Speaker—I think my opponent knows more about things that are not so than any man I ever heard.

Opponent—Well, I think the speaker knows less about things that are so than any man I ever saw.

See Things.

Rowne de Bout—Doesn't drinking affect your sight? Old Hennessey—I should say so! I often see more in a minute than other men do in a lifetime.

Cracks Easily.

"His voice has unusually fine timbre." "Yes—but it's so brittle!"

A Case of Sham Pain.

The clock ticked again. "My friends," said Frank, turning to the company, "my brothers, I call you to my support. Why should a man be expected to carry out a promise made in a time of folly? Why should we give all our property to our wives?"

"It's not a bad plan, sometimes," said Uncle Canfield, of Canfield, Drew & Co., but nobody heard him.

"Why should a self-respecting man be expected to bring home all his money, like a model little boy in a Sunday school book? Let us throw off the yoke, and our wives will respect us the more. There are nine hundred and seventy-eight employments open to women where there were formerly but six. They are able to get worldly goods for themselves. Pauline, I know it is I that you wish for, not my money."

"It is," murmured the blue maid, mechanically. "Mean old thing!" said the pink maid to the tall usher. "Mr. Midas wouldn't have done so."

"You can go on now," said Frank to the minister. "Wait. Perhaps you had better not go on," said the bride's mother nervously. "I should think not," said Aunt Sophia severely, to the bride's sister. "You know I never approved of your folly, and you see what comes of them. They had better wait a couple of weeks and join some church where they don't have them."

"I wish they would," whispered one guest to her sister. They'd have to give back the presents, and that little knife gave would just do for Fannie Warner. Her wedding's to-morrow."

"And perhaps the caterer will take back the wedding cake," mused an impertinent youth, and that will do for that same Fannie. But we have to have the salads. I'm awfully hungry."

"Fun, isn't it?" said the tall usher to the pink maid. "I don't enjoy weddings. But if they go on it would be a pity to waste the minister. Some of the rest of us might use him."

"Go on," said the groom impatiently. "Go on," said the bride firmly. "Go on," said Uncle Canfield from the back of the room. "Oh, don't," said the other pink maid, looking for her handkerchief. "Though it be long in the telling how those behind cried and those before cried, back it was only fifty seconds by the clock. Then the reverend Mr. Blake cut the Gordian by saying hurriedly: 'I pronounce you man and wife. Then he went back and finished the service in the usual fashion.—M. Helen Fraser Lovett."

Hopeless. Judge—How did you form your opinion of this case? Talesman—By reading the newspapers. Judge—Do you believe all you read in the newspapers? Talesman—Yes. Judge—Stand down.

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New Books.

The National Publishing Company of Toronto having secured the Canadian copyright of Walter Besant's new novel, *The Ivory Gate*, has just issued it in paper and cloth. It appears in London and Toronto simultaneously, and will come out in New York a little later.

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Music.

A VERY comfortable audience attended the recital given last Thursday evening at Association Hall by Miss Laura McGillivray and Miss Minnie Gaylord. These young ladies have formed an alliance, so to speak, for the purpose of giving joint entertainments and should have very bright prospects of success, if their performance on this occasion is to be a criterion. The platform was very tastefully decorated, and the young ladies looked even better than their surroundings. Miss McGillivray gave a sufficiently varied selection to show her versatility. She has a personal charm of manner and appearance which goes far to place her on an agreeable footing with her audience at first sight, and she is clever enough to use this advantage in the different selections she gives. She gave some excellent character renditions and essayed a rather heavy selection in the cello scene from *Leah the Forsaken*. This she gave with dignity and emphasis, though her voice is hardly heavy enough nor is her face severe enough for such a tragic selection. In the lighter vein she was very happy, tender, pathetic bits and rays of humor being portrayed with equal facility and fidelity. She gave a clever reading of *Both Sides of the Story*, and her rendition of *The Closed Door* was a perfect gem of light comedy and should of itself make her popular wherever she goes.

Miss Gaylord was suffering from the effects of a cold and of a busy week, and did not sing at her best. Her first selection, *I Seek For Thee in Every Flower*, showed this, as her voice did not appear to answer her demands upon it. On her second appearance she was more fortunate and gave a very effective rendition of two pretty songs of Ethelbert Nevin, *Deep in a Rose's Glowing Heart*, and *One Spring Morning*. Her singing of the pretty *Ave Maria*, arranged on the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, was a very pleasing effort, her voice coming clear and flexible, while the *Contra Partit*, from *The Daughter of the Regiment*, was brilliantly rendered for so young a singer. A word of praise is due to her very sweet singing of *Robin Adair* as an encore. The accompaniments were excellently played by Miss Henrietta Shippe. I must not forget to give credit to Miss McGillivray for the beautiful plastic poses with which she closed the programme.

Did you go to Ye Olde Englishe Fayre? And if so, did you notice how much the dancing of the little flowers and elves was enhanced by the really excellent little orchestra governed by Mrs. Irving Cameron and led by Miss Lina Adamson? They played the dance music with all the dash and spirit of seasoned professionals. There was plenty of music on the opening night, so much of it that I am afraid the booths suffered considerably in their trade. The band of the Royal Grenadiers discoursed fine music during the intervals and Mr. Schuch's band of Strolling Singers sang some appropriate part-songs, while the Cave of Harmony resounded with sweet songs under the direction of Mr. E. W. Phillips. This evening the Strolling Singers will give a concert, assisted by Miss Laura McGillivray.

On November 23 the great New York orchestra from the Metropolitan Opera House will give a concert at the Pavilion under the direction of Mr. Anton Seidl. This is the first time that this splendid organization visits Toronto, and our music-lovers will be under great obligations to Messrs. Suckling & Sons for securing them this great treat. The orchestra is one of the great ones of America and its admirers claim for it that there are few in the world that can equal it.

Mr. A. S. Vogt's performance of Gaul's Holy City, with a chorus of seventy voices, orchestra of thirty-five instruments, and efficient soloists, will take place on Thursday, December 8. This is a beautiful work and is being most carefully rehearsed, and will prove one of the most enjoyable events of the season.

Our lively contemporary, the *Canadian Musician*, is keeping up its interesting line of cartoons. The current number comes out with a picture of the festival goose with a surplus of \$550 hanging temptingly, but high, above the foxes who are looking longingly at the choice morsel. These warty animals present excellent likenesses of Messrs. Torrington, D'Auria, Schuch, Bayley and Waldron, who are supposed by some occult reasoning of the cartoonist to be itching to get their hands on the surplus.

Toronto is still adding to the number of its musical societies, both great and small. The latest aspirant for public suffrage is the Euterpe Society, of which Mr. Charles Ruse is the conductor. This society, numbering some thirty voices, gave an excellent concert on Tuesday evening at Association Hall to a large audience. The chorus sang very well, showing care and excellent training. Miss Agnes Knox recited and Miss Maggie Huston sang, both ladies winning much applause. Mr. Warrington also contributed some songs, while a very pleasing feature of the performance was the really fine singing of the Handel Male Quartette.

METRONOME.

The approaching concert by the Seidl Orchestra of New York will be an event of more than passing interest to lovers of music in its highest type of expression. The causes which led to the arranging of the present concert tour of this celebrated organization are still fresh in our memory. A greater calamity than that which befell the cause of music in America through the destruction of the Metropolitan Opera House a few months ago it would be difficult to imagine. Not only has this occurrence demoralized the musical spirit of the metropolis for this season, but it has also turned adrift an artistic world of orchestral and vocal talent which must of necessity seek other fields of appreciation until the operatic outlook in New York has materially improved. The present state of affairs, however, cannot be regarded as an unmixed evil. Less favored centers than New York will be privileged to

hear concerts at their own doors, which might otherwise have been denied them. The splendid material of which the orchestra under Herr Seidl is composed could not have been spared from New York at this season of the year but for the catastrophe which deprived most of the members of the band of a permanent engagement. In many respects Herr Seidl is unsurpassed as a conductor by any musician living. The personality of the man, added to his historic services in the cause of the friend of his youth, Richard Wagner, will lend an especial interest to the concert under his direction in the Pavilion on the 23rd inst.

While in his twenty-second year Herr Seidl was employed by Wagner to make the first copy of the score of the *Nibelungen tetralogy*. Four years later he conducted at the Bayreuth festival. Like Nikisch he held for several years the post of premier conductor at the Leipzig Grand Opera, that training school for so many famous musicians of our time. It is to be hoped that the patronage accorded the engagement of the Seidl orchestra will be sufficiently encouraging to warrant a similar concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Nikisch before the season has ended.

The novel idea of presenting opera without accessories as announced by the Orpheus Musical Society of Toronto, under Signor D'Auria, and the Toronto Vocal Society under Mr. Schuch's baton, does not after all seem to be confined to Toronto. Walter Damrosch of New York has undertaken to produce as concert performances, operas by Wagner, Bizet, Gounod and other composers, and has issued a cordial invitation to "all singers with good voices" to join. New Yorkers are evidently determined to have opera whether presented in the orthodox manner on the stage and in costume, or as concert performances such as Mr. Damrosch purposes organizing. I understand, by the way, that the Orpheus Society have selected as their first opera Rossini's masterpiece, *William Tell*, a work replete with stirring choral effects both for male and mixed voices.

Musicians do not, as a rule, complain much about being overpaid for their arduous services in the cause of the wit. Every musician, no doubt, feels that he has been more or less of a martyr in the interests of the general advancement of music, and since the feeling is a harmless one why should he not be indulged in it? Music, like poetry, being somewhat abstract in its tendency, the mundane selfishness which might be expected to influence effort in some other and more material fields of action, surely could have no existence in the ethereal life of any disciple of the great Pan. In this connection a good story reaches us from the Ambitious City. The great Saenger (and beer) fest held in Hamilton two summers ago, it seems, resulted in considerable of a deficit. An attempt was made during the past summer to raise this amount by the holding of a second festival, also on a large scale, with the unexpected result of a second financial failure adding a considerable sum to the original deficit. Mr. Walter H. Robinson, now of Toronto, gave much valuable time in preparing the chorus work on both occasions, and was induced to shoulder the responsibility of the work for the second festival only after much pressure had been brought to bear. By some means or other, and as illustrating the proverbial guilelessness of the average musician, Mr. Robinson became entangled in the scheme as a "committeeman," and now is in receipt of sundry lawyers' letters inviting him to contribute his share of the shortage. There is a moral in all this, which is contained in the old German proverb, "Shoemaker, stick to your last." Conducting, with committee work, has proven a bitter experience for many wielders of the baton in the past, and will no doubt continue to prove a burden to many in the future.

Toronto is particularly fortunate in the number of excellent solo pianists at present resident in the city. The brilliant success of Mr. H. M. Field at his recital in Association Hall recently, has but served to awaken an added interest to similar performances by others who have just returned fresh from the traditions of pianoforte playing in various centers of the fatherland. It is particularly pleasing to note the success of native Canadians, and among these might be mentioned Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, whose opening recital is announced for next Tuesday evening. To Mr. Tripp belongs the honor of having been the only Canadian who has been privileged to study with the celebrated Moszkowski, a master who numbers among his pupils some of the most accomplished pianists of the day.

Japanese Dentistry.

"The Japanese use no instrument for extracting teeth, but lift them out with the thumb and forefinger," said Henry Baker to a guest of the Southern, who was wearing his jaw in a sling as the result of a pair of forceps slipping and getting more than they were sent for.

"While Jolly Dick Hubbard was Minister to Japan I visited that country and spent a pleasant week with him. One day I was troubled with the toothache, and Mr. Hubbard took me to a dentist and explained to the saddle-colored operator that I wanted the grinder extracted. I was placed in a bamboo chair and tilted slightly back. The dentist examined my teeth, talking volubly meanwhile to Uncle Sam's representative. Suddenly his thumb and forefinger closed on the troublesome tooth, and before I had the faintest idea of what was going to happen, he lifted it out and held it up before me, smiling at the same time that vacant smile peculiar to the children of the Orient. 'You were waiting for the forceps, were you?' said Minister Hubbard, with a laugh. 'They don't use 'em here. Look at this. Here is a young Jap taking his first lesson in dentistry.' A twelve-year-old Japanese boy sat on the floor, having before him a board in which were a number of holes into which pegs had been tightly driven. He was attempting to extract the pegs with his thumb and forefinger. Mr. Hubbard explained that as the strength of this natural pair of forceps developed by practice, the pegs would be driven in tighter. After a couple of years at peg pulling the young dentist would graduate and be able to lift the most refractory molar in the same manner that he now lifted wooden pegs."

"You'll do very well for a tattooed man," said the Museum manager. "How did you get these curious figures upon you?" "I wore a cheap bathing suit at Asbury—guaranteed fast color," said the acquisition.

A Rash Guess.

Mrs. Darley—Who was the author of the hymn *I Would Not Live Always*?
Darley—It couldn't have been Methuselah, could it?

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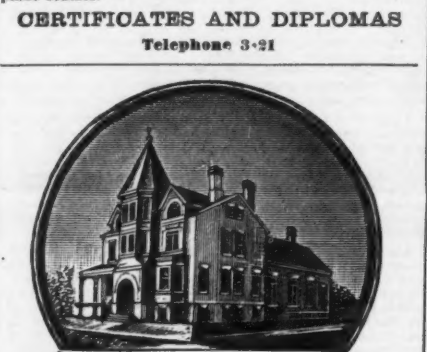
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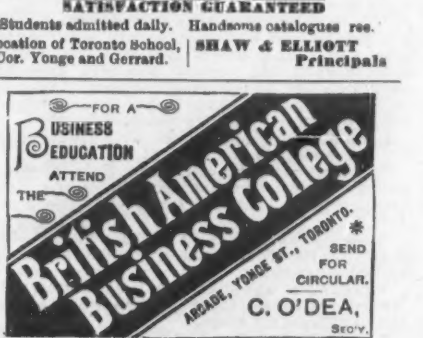
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HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

gown of pale heliotrope with cream chantilly lace. Mr. W. Fahy sang Guiding Light and Oh Promise Me in a pleasing style. Miss Errett wore a most becoming gown of soft black lace with loops of black ribbon; her solos, I Remember and Last Night were well received. Miss Lillian Norman charmed all present with her selections on the violin; she played carefully and with a delightful tone; the rendering of Government House waltz won much applause, to which she responded with an encore. Miss Edith Easton danced the Highland Fling and Sword dance most gracefully, and wore the usual pretty tartan of the Scotch national costume. The accompaniments were done full justice by Mrs. Ramsay and Rev. F. G. Plummer. After a few brief and pleasing remarks by Rev. R. Harrison the programme was brought to a close by God Save the Queen.

The Jovial Club held a very successful Halloween party on Monday evening, October 31, at the residence of Mr. Seymour, 59 Homewood avenue. About fifty guests were present. Dancing was indulged in till the small hours of the morning, interspersed with vocal music and recitations, to which the following contributed: Ideal Quartette, Miss A. Klingner and Mr. F. Skill. Many thanks are due to the following ladies and gentlemen, who composed the committee: Miss L. Slemin, Miss L. Passmore, Mr. F. Kennedy and Mr. F. Skill.

Another Victim.

He came from the baseball grounds with his eyes blackened, his arm in a sling, and a decided limp in his left leg.

"Were you the umpire?" somebody asked.

"No; I was the mascot."

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COURT HARMONY, No. 2045, A. O. F.

Thanksgiving Concert At the AUDITORIUM, Sh. Hestbury Hall, on Thursday Evening, Nov. 10, 1892. Artists—Miss Anne Schumacher, Soprano, of Hamilton, one of Canada's leading vocalists; Miss Eme Elaine Hext, Elocutionist, of Brandon.

Bro. Jos. Bangh, Cornet Virtuoso; W. Koehnemeister, Violin Virtuoso; Bro. Sims Richards, Tenor; Bro. A. L. E. Davies, Bass; Bro. Henry Simpson, Ventriloquist; Bro. S. M. Early, Highland Dancer; Bro. Geo. Murray, Piper (48th Highlanders). Comicos—Bro. W. E. Ramsey and Frank Wright. Accompanists—Bro. Jos. J. Lee and Mrs. W. E. Ramsey.

General admission, 25c. Reserved seats, 50c. The plan of reserved seats will be open at A. & S. Nordheimer's on Monday, November 7, at 10 a.m. Tickets can be obtained from the Music Stores, or any member of Court Harmony.

E. W. VOGLEY, Ch. of Com. H. E. GRIFFITHS, Secretary.



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